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POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BUTLER

EDITED BY ROBERT BELL

VOLUME II



LONDON

JOHN W PARKER AND SON WEST STRAND

1855

LONDON

SAVILE AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS,
CHANDOS STREET

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P O E M S
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER

H U D I B R A S

PART II — CANTO III

T ARGUMENT

The knight, with various doubts possessed,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel the Rosicrucian,
To know destinies resolution
With whom being met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic,
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conjuror worsted by the knight

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat,
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand
Some with a noise, and greasy light,
Are snapped, as men catch larks by night,

* This familiar couplet appropriately introduces the subject of the canto, which is to expose the knaveries of astrologers, fortune tellers, and other classes of cheats, who, under the mask of the learned professions impose on the credulity of mankind. Swift has enlarged upon the suggestion in treating of the plausibilities of mental delusion. "The happiness of life consists in being well deceived."—See *Tale of a Tub*.

† Alluding to the method of fowling in the night, by the low-bell, a

Ensnared and hampered by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl
Some, with a medicine, and receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the bait,
And though it be a two-foot trout,
Tis with a single hair pulled out

Others believe no voice t' un organ
So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
Until, with subtle cobweb-cheats,
They're catched in knotted law, like nets,
In which when they are once imbiangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled,
And while their purses can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal suit

Others still gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-designs of fate,
Apply to wizards, to foresee
What shall, and what shall never be,
And as those vultures do forbode,
Believe events prove bad or good
A flam more senseless than the roguery
Of old auspicy and augury, †

a bell, then blinding them with a light, when they were easily taken. This mode of ensnaring birds is here compared to the course adopted by the saints for ensnaring their congregations by morning and evening lectures delivered by candle-light. The mode of catching birds by the low bell is thus described in an old treatise on fowling — Here note, that the sound of the low bell makes the birds lie close so that they dare not stir whilst you are pitching the net for the sound thereof is dreadful to them but the sight of the fire much more terrible, which makes them instantly fly up, and they become entangled in the net — *Gentleman's Recreation*. It is alluded to in the ballad of *St George* —

As timorous larks arrayed are
With light and with a low-bell

* That is, that people whom it would be difficult to impose upon in the ordinary affairs of life are easily gulled by medical quacks.

† Divination by auspicy was that drawn from the sacrifice of beasts including both the observation of their appearance before they were slain and the examination of their entrails &c., after. Divination by augury

That out of garbages of cattle
 Presaged th' events of truce or battle,
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible
 Than those that with the stars do fibble
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place well shew,
 For he, with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed again
 And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
 Upon his beast, with much ado—
 Advanced on for the widow's house,
 To acquit himself, and pay his vows,
 When various thoughts begin to bustle,
 And with his inward man to jostle
 He thought what danger might accue,
 If she should find he swore untrue,
 Or if his squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale,
 It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his honour, faith, and love
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow,
 And that he durst not now, for shame,
 Appear in court to try his claim
 This was the pen'woith of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot
 Quoth he, ‘ In all my past adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
 Or taken taldy with dilemma,
 That every way I turn does hem me,

songs of birds. The Romans had then augural staff and augural books, and augurs were specially appointed to predict events from the flight singing and feeding of birds.

* It has been well observed of Hudibras that he is perpetually

And with inextinguishable doubt,
 Besets my puzzled wits about
 For though the dame has been my bair,
 To free me from enchanted jail,
 Yet, as a dog, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his dog, but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his chain
 So though my ankle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed,
 And like a bailed and mainprized lover,
 Although at large, I am bound over
 And when I shall appear in court
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love?
 For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry,
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record,
 Wit on my skin, I've kept my word,
 How can I e'er expect to have her,
 Having demurred unto her favour?
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduced t' a knight o' th' post? ·
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument,
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way, too, my proof may fail
 Oh! that I could enucleate,†
 And solve the problems of my fate,
 Or find, by necromantic art,‡
 How far the destinies take my part,

* See vol 1 p 68, note ‡

† Literally, to take out the kernel, to open as a nucleus

‡ Necromancy properly is the power of obtaining a knowledge of events by communication with the dead It is commonly understood to

For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear hei, and hei fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship
 For though an oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 As thou hast proved, yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when men swear in vain'

Quoth Ralph, 'Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Sidiophel,'
 That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the moon sells,
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out o' the way,†
 When geese and pullen‡ are seduced,
 And sows of sucking pigs are chowsed,

imply an intercourse with evil spirits, and has hence acquired the name of the black art

* 'There was a deformed old gentleman called Sir Paul Neal, who, they say, set for the picture of Sidiophel in *Hudibras* and about town, was called the Lord Shaftesbury's groom because he watched his mares (I forbear the vulgar word) in Hyde park with kitchish wine and sugar, and not seldom a bait of cheese cakcs'—NOTH'S EXAMEN p 60 This Sir Paul Neal is said to have constantly affirmed that *Hudibras* was not written by Butler, who may have taken his revenge upon him by holding him up to ridicule in this imaginary portrait It is more likely, however, that Sidiophel was intended for William Lilly the astrologer, to whom the character directly applies in its main particular, for although Lilly did not condescend to the small arts ascribed to Sidiophel, he was consulted by 'all people far and near on deep importances' The most curious account of Lilly is to be found in his autobiography

† Sir John Bekenhead bantered Lilly in a pamphlet on his pretended skill in finding lost things but, whatever his practice may have been, he professed to regard that branch of astrology with contempt Speaking of one Evans, who followed the black art in the congenial region of Gunpowder Alley, Lilly says, that he had 'formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortune in London being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous committed by him in those parts where he had lately lived for he gave judgment on things lost the only shame of astrology'—Lyle

‡ Poultry la poule

When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician,
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip,
 When yeast and outw'rd means do fail,
 And have no power to work on ale,
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love provcs cross and humoursome,
 To him with questions, and with wine,
 They for discovery flock, or curing'

Quoth Hudibras, 'This Sidiophil
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
 To go to sorcerers when they need 'em'

Says Ralph, 'There's no doubt of that,
 Those principles I quoted late
 Prove that the godly may allege
 For any thing their privilege,
 And to the devil himself may go,
 If they have motives therewith
 For as there is a war between
 The devil and them, it is no sin
 If they, by subtle stratagem,
 Make use of him, as he does them
 Has not this present parliament
 A ledger to the devil sent,
 Fully empowered to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hanged threescore of 'em in one shire?
 Some only for not being drowned,†
 And some for sitting above ground,§

* * When a country wench cannot get her butter to come, she says the witch is in it'—SFIDLN—*Table Talk At Peace*

† Lilly gives a remarkable example in the case of Sir Bulstrode Whittington, respecting whose sickness he was consulted in this way by Mrs Lasle. The lady was afterwards behaved at Winchester, for harbouring one of Monmouth's followers. † See vol i p 185 note†

§ One of the methods of trying a witch was to set her in the middle

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hanged for witches,
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
 Or pigs, that suddenly deceased
 Of griefs unnatural, as he guessed,
 Who after proved himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech
 Did not the devil appear to Martin
 Luther in Germany for certain?

of a room with her legs tied across, so that incapable of motion, and with her whole weight resting in a perpendicular position the circulation of the blood would become impeded and considerable pain and suffering would ensue. In this attitude she was kept to make her confess, without food or sleep for four-and-twenty hours.

* The whole of the preceding passage refers to Matthew Hopkins the witch finder, who in 1644, and the two following years, brought some hundreds of poor witches to the gallows, and was highly rewarded by the parliament for his services. He was regularly appointed to the function, and took the style and title of witch finder-general. In one year alluded to in the text, he hanged threescore witches in the county of Suffolk alone. Hopkins published a pamphlet with the following title which fully explains its contents and the official quality of the writer. *The Discovery of Witches in answer to several queries lately directed to the Judge of Assize for the county of Norfolk, and now published by Matthew Hopkins, witch finder, for the benefit of the whole Kingdom* 1647. In this treatise he shows how he obtained his experience and knowledge of witches in the hundred of Fens, where he lived how he came to know the marks by which witches were to be detected and what trials and tests he put them to, &c. Sufficient is the consternation he produced amongst the old women, that numbers of them came from great distances voluntarily to be examined hoping by thus demonstrating their innocence to escape condemnation, with what result may be seen from the following passage. ‘The devil’s policy is great,’ says he, ‘in persuading many of them to come of their own accord to be tried persuading them their marks are so close they shall not be found out, so as divers have come ten or twelve miles to be searched of their own accord, and hanged for their labour.’ Hopkins, at last, overreached himself by these nefarious cruelties and was at last put to the same torture himself he had so often inflicted on others. Dr Hutchinson, referring to the above couplet of Butler, says, ‘These two verses relate to that which I have often heard, that Hopkins went on searching and swimming the poor creatures till some gentlemen, out of indignation at the barbarity took him and tied his own thumbs and toes as he used to tie others, and when he was put into the water he himself swam as they did. This cleared the country of him — *Historical Essay*

And would have gulled him with a trick,
 But Mart was too, too politic
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, then cathedral church?†
 Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him?‡
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly§
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudun's belly?||

* Luther himself records his disputationes with the devil, in his book *de Musica privata*

† Stradi says that when the common people of Antwerp broke open the Cathedral during a tumult in the beginning of the Civil War, there were several devils very busy amongst them helping them to destroy the shrines and images.

‡ The exploits of the devil in the house of M. Pèreaud, a minister of the reformed church at Mascon, in Burgundy, were related in a tract written by M. Pèreaud at the time of the alleged occurrence, 1612, but not published for fifty one years afterwards. This tract was translated into English by Peter de Moulin. The conduct of the devil on this occasion appears to have been marked by a deviation from the practices usually ascribed to him for in addition to snatches of impious and lecherous verse he sometimes indulged his luxuries by singing psalms. Ralph calls M. Pèreaud's people by the contemptuous epithet of dunts, because they belonged to the Geneva sect.

§ Edward Kelly was born at Worcester about 1555 and bred in apothecary. He was the associate and assistant of the famous Dr Dee, who entertained so high in opinion of his skill in chemistry that he appointed him his secretary or speculator. Kelly's duties in this capacity seem to have consisted in keeping a record of the revelations made by the angels or demons that appeared in the speculum. It was said that he used a dead body in Worcester for which he lost his eyes. He advocated the doctrine of a plurality of wives which he pretended he had been enjoined to observe by a communication from the angels. Kelly went into Poland with Dr Dee from thence to Germany, where he was knighted by the emperor. He was afterwards imprisoned for a cheat, and died from the effects of a fall in making his escape.

|| The *Histoire des Diables de Loudun* was published at Amsterdam in 1693, many years after the circumstances it relates took place. Urban Grandier, curate and canon of Loudun, a man of handsome person and great eloquence, incurred the enmity of the monks by his popularity amongst women, and his alleged opposition to the celibacy of the priesthood. He was charged with licentious conduct in the church of which he was curate, but he carried the case before the president of Poitiers and was finally acquitted. Not long after, some Ursuline nuns of Loudun were reported to be possessed of devils and Grandier's enemies accused him of being the author of the 'possession—that is,

Meet with the parliament's committee,
 At Woodstock, on a personal treaty?
 At Saum take a cavalier,
 I' th' cause's service, prisoner?
 As Withers, in immortal rhyme,
 Has registered to after-time †
 Do not our great reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forebode news,‡

having used witchcraft with the sisterhood. In order to make sure of their victim, they influenced Cardinal Richelieu against him by denouncing him as the author of a certain satire upon the Cardinal's person and family. Grindier was immediately arrested. The trial took place in August, 1634. The devils were interrogated in the persons of the nuns and upon this evidence Grindier was convicted of magic and witchcraft, and sentenced to be buried alive, and his ashes to be thrown up into the air. He is said to have met his fate with fortitude.

* A circumstantial narrative of the annoyances inflicted upon a Parliamentary Committee sitting at Woodstock in 1649 by the visitations of the devil or some of his imps is given by Dr Plot in his *Natural History of Oxfordshire*. Sir Walter Scott has made a free use of the details in his romance of *Woodstock*. The commissioners were sent to Woodstock to value the palace and demesne soon after the execution of Charles I but had scarcely taken up their residence in the king's apartments when they were thrown into consternation by a series of inexplicable disturbances. The furniture of the rooms seemed to be suddenly inspired with vitality, the beds were lifted, the provisions scattered about and the commissioners pealed with billets, and drenched with pails of dirty water. At last, thus unaccountable persecution became so alarming, in spite of the psalms and prayers resorted to in the hope of laying the evil spirit, that the commissioners were compelled to make their escape, and leave Satan in possession of the premises. It was afterwards discovered that the whole affair was contrived by the Secretary of the Committee, with the aid of his fellow-servants, to drive the inquisitors from the royal mansion. Ralph says that the commissioners met the devil at Woodstock on a personal treaty—a sly muendo against the parliament, who refused to enter into a personal treaty with the king.

† Referring to a doggrel ballad by Withers on a cavalier, who, being taken prisoner at Salisbury, and drinking the health of the devil on his knees, was carried off in a remarkable manner through a pane of glass.

‡ The enumeration which follows of the astrological services rendered to the parliament by Lilly is borne out by the account he gives of himself in his autobiography. When the army was quartered at Windsor he was sent for, and feasted in a garden by General Fairfax, and when the king went unto the Scots in 1646, his judgment was desired as to how his Majesty might be taken. He was sent for also at the

To write of victories next year,^{*}
 And castles taken, yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships
 Sunk, two years hence^t the last eclipse?
 A total overthrow given the king!
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whits'e'en the close committee would?
 Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
 The moon for fundamental laws?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
 Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
 The Scorpion take the protestation,
 And Beau engage for reformation?
 Made all the royal stars recant,
 Compound, and take the covenant?[†]

siege of Colchester and he tells us that the Council of State gave him, on another occasion £50, and settled a pension on him of £100 a year, which he enjoyed for two years. There are numerous similar instances, and it appears that on several emergencies he was consulted by the Royal party to whose interests, notwithstanding his connexion with the parliament, he seems to have been secretly attached. He confesses as much up to a certain period. 'Till the year 1645,' he says, 'I was more Cavalier than Roundhead and so taken notice of, but after that, I engaged body and soul in the cause of the Parliament.' Notwithstanding this he received fees from the agents of the King afterwards, advised as to where his Majesty might most effectually be concealed, and entered into a plan for his escape from Carisbrooke Castle. The truth is that Lilly was a professional impostor, ready to serve any person party, or sect that was able to pay him.

* 'In Oliver Cromwell's Protectorship I wrote freely and satirically enough— he was now become Independent, and all the soldiers my friends, for when he was in Scotland, the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with *Angbous* in his hand, and as the several troops passed by him, "Lo, here what Lilly saith, you are in this month promised victory, fight it out, brave boys!" and then read that month's prediction'—LILLY'S *Life*

† Amongst the instances mentioned of his success in prognosticating victories Lilly particularly specifies his prophecy concerning the battle of Naseby—'I thereon made use of the King's nativity and finding that his ascendant was approaching to the quadrature of Mars about June, 1645, I gave this unlucky judgment. If now we fight a victory stealeth upon us,' and so it did in June, 1645, at Naseby, the most fatal overthrow he ever had'—*Life*

† Warburton suggests that this passage is a hidden satire, and that

Quoth Hudibras, 'The case is clear
 The saints may employ a conjurer,
 As thou hast proved it by their practice,
 No argument like matter of fact is
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles, by what they do
 Then let us straight advance in quest
 Of this profound gymnosophist,
 And as the fates and he advise,
 Pursue, or waive this enterprise'

This said, he turned about his steed,
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid,
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
 And to the Conjurer turn our style,
 To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him before-hand
 He had been long t'wards mathematics,
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology,
 But as a dog that turns the spit
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again,
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was,†

by the several planets and signs here recipitulated are meant the several leaders who took the covenant, as Essex and Fairfax, indicated by Mars and Saturn &c The 'royal stars, he thinks, illude to Charles, Elector Palatine and Charles II, who both took the Covenant

* The gymnosophists, a sect of Indian philosophies, derived their name from their usage of going with naked feet, and very little clothing They lived in woods and remote places, subsisted upon roots and herbs, abjured wine and never married They believed in the immortality and transmigration of the soul, and placed their chief happiness in abstinence and a contempt of the goods of fortune

† — Didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round a rolling cage?

So in the circle of the arts
 Did he advance his natural parts,
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter,
 Whatc'er he laboured to appear,
 His understanding still was clear,
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted †
 Th' intelligible world † he knew,
 And all men dream on't to be true,
 That in this world there's not a waif
 That has not theric a counterpart,
 Nor can there, on the face of ground
 An individual beard be found
 Thit has not, in that foreign nation,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion,
 So cut, so coloured, and so curled,
 As those are in th' inferior world

The cage, as either side turned up,
 Striking a ring of bells a top—
 Moved in the orb pleased with the chimes
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs,
 But here and there turn wood or wuc,
 He never gets two inches higher

PRIOR.—*A Simile*

* Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar of the thirteenth century, and a voluminous author, Robert Grosted, or Grosseteste, bishop of Lincoln, contemporary with him was also a man of great learning, and said to have written two hundred books. He distinguished himself by his spirited resistance to the encroachments of the Pope on the rights of the English clergy for which he was denounced by Pope Innocent III. He died in 1253 and was buried at Lincoln. The Pope ordered a letter to be written to Henry III, enjoining him to disinter the bones of the bishop, cast them out of the church, and burn them, but the letter was never sent. A list of Grosseteste's works is inserted in his *Life*, written by Dr Pegge. The clergy suspected him of dealings in the black art hence he was one of those to whom the Brazen Head was ascribed—See vol 1 p 95, note ‡

† See vol 1 p 65, note ‡

He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before
The devil, and Euclid, o'er and o'er, †

* John Dee, erroneously stated in most accounts of him to have been a Welshman was born in London in 1527, and educated in Cambridge. He travelled much abroad, acquired great reputation as a mathematician, and collected a library valued at £. 1000, and an extensive museum of mechanical and mathematical instruments seals and other curiosities. The fame of his vast knowledge, in an age of comparative ignorance and superstition, led to a general belief that he held intercourse with the devil, and on one occasion when he was absent the populace broke into his house and destroyed the greater part of his costly accumulations. Dee after this occurrence, naturally full into the delusion attributed to him and under an impression, real or pretended, that he could command the presence of spirits, he employed Kelly as his assistant in his invocations. A certain table was constructed, and consecrated with mysterious ceremonies, by the inspection of which Kelly was to be enabled to understand the revelations of the spirits. The imposture was carried on for two years when a Polish prince, Albert Laski, Palatine of Shadua, arrived in England, and, being a student in this kind of lore, prevailed upon Dee and Kelly to accompany him back to Poland. Laski soon however grew weary of their conjurations, and contrived an excuse for sending them to the emperor Rudolph II who also speedily dismissed them. They then went back to Poland, but being treated with contempt by the king, returned to Germany, from whence Dee was ultimately expelled at the intercession of the Pope's nuncio, and Kelly was thrown into prison. Notwithstanding these failures Dee was invited home by Queen Elizabeth, and travelling in great pomp was received graciously by her Majesty. He now resumed his studies, obtained a grant of the chancellorship of St Paul's, and was afterwards appointed to the wardenship of Manchester College, where he lived for seven years. The charge of holding intercourse with spirits still subjected him however to a variety of persecutions, and in 1604 he petitioned King James to be brought to trial that he might clear himself, but the King refused to countenance or protect him. Dee soon after returned to his old residence at Mortlake, and being destitute of friends and patrons, resumed his incantations, in which he was assisted by one Hickman, as he had formerly been served by Kelly. At last worn out by years and poverty, he died in 1608 at the age of eighty, and was buried at Mortlake. Dee's works are numerous and curious and there is no doubt that in spite of the delusions under which he laboured, and the impostures he practised he was a man of remarkable attainments and extraordinary industry. A Journal of his proceedings in Germany and Poland, with a variety of letters and other documents relating to his alleged conferences with apparitions, was published by Cisubon in 1659, and formed a subject of discussion for many years afterwards.

† One of Dee's works, published in 1570, was entitled *Preface Mathematical to the English Euclid published by Sir Henry Billingsby Kn*

And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,^{*}
 Lescus[†] and th' emperor wou'd tell ye
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer,[‡]
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believed he had been there,
 Knew when she was in fittest mood
 For cutting coins, or letting blood,
 When for anointing scabs and itches,
 Or to the bum applying leeches,
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made,
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlic, or sow peas §

* See ante p 1., note §

† By Lescus is meant Albert Laski, with whom Dee and Kelly travelled into Poland

‡ 'He is the first tincture and rudiment of a writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blue like an almanack well-willer — CLEVELAND'S *Character of a Diurnal maler*. The almanack well-willer was the maker of the almanack. Well-willer simply means well-wisher, and was adopted by these astrological and mathematical pretenders to mark their relation to the sciences they affected to cultivate and advance

§ The influence of the moon on vegetation was formerly recognised as an uncirrung principle in the usages of husbandry. Tusci constantly refers to the particular age or period, of the moon when it was most advantageous to plant trees, sow seed, or gather fruit. Thus of garlic and beans, which he says should be set in the wane of the moon on St Edmund's Day, the 20th November, —

Set garlic and beans at St Edmund the king,
 The moon in the wane, thereon hangeth a thing

Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry

He enforces the same doctrine again in February in reference to peas —

Sow peas, good trull,
 The moon past full
 Fine seeds then sow,
 Whilst moon doth grow — Ib

Sow peason and bean, in the wane of the moon,
 Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon,
 That they with the planet may rest and arise,
 And flourish, with bearing most plentifulwise — Ib

A note upon this passage in the Ed of 1714 confirms to some extent the practical value of this advice. The writer observes that, perhaps too

Who first found out the man i' th' moon,*
 That to the ancients was unknown,
 How many dukes, and euls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary sph'eres,
 Their airy emprie, and command,
 Their several strengths by sea and land,
 What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private,
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests
 He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no,

much influence has been sometimes ascribed to the moon in rural affairs but not in the case of peas and beans, which, he says, own during the increase, do run more to hawk and straw, and during the declension, more to cod, according to the common consent of countrymen. Dr Mavor, the last editor of *Lusset*—Ed 181.—sets aside the notion altogether. ‘That the moon,’ he observes, ‘has a considerable effect on the weather few meteorologists will doubt—but that the wane or the increase of this luminary promotes or retarded vegetation, *per se*, is contrary to reason and experience. The ancients were guided by the age of the moon in felling timber an operation they always performed in the wane. Grafting took place when the moon was on the increase. All the incidents alluded to in the text were distributed by the astrologers in their almanacs and other prognosticating publications under particular divisions of the moon's course. Thus as we learn from some doggerel published in 1710, it was considered advisable to cut corns in the wane—

For when the moon's in her increase,
 If corns be cut they grow r'pace,
 But if you always do take care,
 After the full your corns to pare,
 They do insensibly decay
 And will in time wear quite away

Certain medicines were to be taken when the moon was in Cancer, others when she was in Virgo people were to bathe when she was in Aquarius or Pisces, and to have their hair cut when she was in Libra, Sagittarius, &c

* This popular notion is supposed to have been derived from the account of the man who was taken by the children of Israel in the act of gathering sticks on the Sabbath and condemned to be stoned to death—Numbers xxv. 22, *et seqq.* But how he came to be imprisoned in the moon observes Mr Douce, has not yet been accounted for. The man in the moon says Lutson, ‘is represented leaning upon a fay, on which he carries a bush of thorn, because it was for ‘pichynde

That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whethcr 'twere day or night* demonstrate,
 Tell what her d'ameter to an inch is,
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in
 The moon's a sea mediterranean,
 And that it is no dog nor bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech,
 But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake,
 How large a gulph his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is,
 How many German leagues by th' scale
 Cape snout's from promontory tail ^

stake' on a Sunday that he is reported to have been thus confined
 Chaucer, describing the moon, gives the following picture of its
 solitary inhabitant, who, for his theft is excluded from heaven and
 doomed to perpetual imprisonment there —

On her brest a chorle painted ful even,
 Beuing i bush of thorns on his biche
 Which for his theft might chune no nor the heven

Testament of Cryseide

In Italy, Cain seems to be considered the offender, and, as remarked by Mr Douce, is alluded to in a very extraordinary manner by Dante in the *Inferno*, c. xx., where the moon is described by the periphrasis *Caino e le spine*

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* points out another allusion by Dante to the popular notion of his time that Cain and his thorn-bush were located in the moon. The poet is asking Beatrice to explain the causes of the spots on the moon's surface —

— Che son gli segni lui,
 Di questo corpo che l'uggiso in terra
 F in di Cain favoleggiare altrui? — *Paradiso* II

But if it please thee, the dark spots explain
 Upon the surface of this body shown
 Which cause on earth the fabling tales of Cain

WRIGHT'S Translation

To this passage Costa appends the following note — Civc, danno occasione al volgo di favoleggiare che nella luna sia Caino con una forcate di spine

* The bright and dark patches on the moon were popularly supposed to indicate land and water. By the assistance of the telescope they are discovered to consist of mountains and valleys, the former believed to be of a volcanic character

He made a planetary gm,
 Which rats would run them own heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon
 With lute-stings he would counterfeit
 Maggots, that ci w^l on dish of meat,
 Quote moles and spots on any place
 O' th' body, by the index face,†
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing,
 O^r breaking wind of dames, o^r pissing,
 Cure warts and coyns, with application
 Of medicines to th' imagination,‡
 Fight agues into dogs, and scue,
 With rhymes, the toothach and cataarrh §
 Chase evil spirits away by dint
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint,||

* The small strings of a fiddle or lute, cut into short pieces, and strewed upon warm meat, will contract, and appear like live maggots.—N

† Lilly tells us that some physopbers considered the head to be the model of the whole body *in ym rank their being the counterpart of a corresponding mark somewhere el e* but it does not appear that he placed *my futh in tht inde* himself He 'set his figure when he wanted to di covci moles and spots

‡ By the use of charms and amulets

§ It wa, a common belief that certun rhymes sewn up, and worn about the person would cure particular distrees Selden records a curious illustration of the influence of imagination in these cases A person of quality called on him at the Temple and told him that he had two devils in his head Selden concluded he was mad, but undertook to cure him, desiring to be left alone for an hour In the meanwhile he tied up a end in a handsome piece of taffeta with strings to it, and when his visitor returned hung it round his neck, charging him at the same time to be very cueful and sparing in his diet, and to say his prayers duly when he went to bed In a few days, his patient announced that he w^s better but not quite well, 'so, says Selden 'I give him another thing to hang abou his neck Three days after he came to me to my chambers, and professed he w^s now as well as ever he w^s in his life and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him —Table Talk

|| Horse shoes were commonly nailed up over doors, not only to bring luck but as a protection against witches Aubrey says that most houses at the wet end of London in his time, had the horse shoe on the threshold Bind notes that in 1797 many horse shocs

Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel,
 And fire a mine in China here,
 With sympathetic gunpowder
 He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own
 What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
 Could make a man with, as he tells us,†
 What figured slates are best to make,
 On wattery surface, duck or drake,
 What bowling-stones, in running race
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace,‡
 Whether a pulse beat in the black
 List of a dappled louse's back,
 If systole or diastole§ move
 Quickest when he's in wrath, or love,

were to be seen on thresholds in Monmouth street and St. Helier. I have counted no less than seventeen nailed against the steps of doors in that street in 1813. Only five or six remained in 1841. At the present time [1855] there are not less than seven.

* Alluding to the origin of the Servile war when Junus, a slave, stimulated his companions to revolt by pretending that he had a commission from the gods to direct them to take arms, and, in order to exhibit a proof of his divine authority, he filled a nut-shell with fire and sulphur and putting it in his mouth, belched out smoke and flames while he addressed them.

† Paracelsus was born near Zurich, in 1493. His father a physician, instructed him in the science of medicine, but his education in other respects was neglected, and, despising the ordinary tricks of knowledge, he pursued his own course of inquiry into the mysteries of nature, which finally led him to adopt the most extravagant and absurd theories. He travelled over nearly the whole of Europe, and is said to have visited Asia and Africa consulting all the professors of the black art he fell in with, particularly such as pretended to have my acquaintance with metallurgy, which was his favourite study. He had a panacea called Aroth, which he said was the philosopher's stone, and which his followers regarded as the tincture of life. After a life of wandering and controversy, he died in 1541, in an hospital at Salzburg. The notion that generation can be carried on by medicines or by sympathetic influences, was entertained by many writers, nor is it yet wholly relinquished in France, where treatises on the subject are still in circulation.

‡ The application of scientific principles to ploughs and pastures.

§ The contraction and dilation of the heart, by which the circulation of the blood is effected.

When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace,
 How many scores a flea will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to jump,
 Which Socrates and Chærephon
 In vain assayed so long agone,
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is,
 And not an elephant's proboscis,
 How many different specieses †
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese,
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engendered in a chandler's nose,
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood ‡

A paltry wretch he had, half-starved,
 That him in place of zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, § breed to dash and draw,
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law,

* In the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, where a description is given of the method by which Socrates and Chærephon endeavoured to measure the leap of a flea, which had jumped from the head of one to that of the other. They did not measure it, however by the length of the flea's body but by the size of its foot which they obtained by dipping its feet into melted wax, then taking the size when the wax hardened.

† See vol i p 79 note †

‡ These lines were, probably, intended to convey a bitter upon Dr Robert Hooke whose scientific experiments at this time occupied much attention, and occasioned some controversy. In 1665, Hooke published his *Micrographia*, containing descriptions of numerous infusoria he had discovered by magnifying glasses. The animalcule found in vinegar, the bites of which were absurdly said to occasion its pungency, the structure of fleas and mites, &c, are treated at large in that work. Dr Hooke was Secretary and Curator to the Royal Society and was held in much esteem by its members notwithstanding that he was charged with pretending to more knowledge than he possessed and claiming the merit of discoveries which were made by others. He was a man of singular habits, reserved, penurious, and mistrustful, but of great constancy in his labours. During the last two or three years of his life, he is said to have been so engrossed in his inventions and studies that he never left his table, or undressed, day or night and in that condition, emaciated by toil and privation, he died in March, 1703.

§ Sir Roger L'Estrange says, that this character was intended for

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,^{*}
 Wide as meridians in maps,
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise,
 To be an under-conjurer,
 Or journeyman astrologer
 His business was to pump and wheedle,
 And men with their own keys uniddle,[†]
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers,
 To fetch and carry intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers,
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem,
 And what they dare not vent, find out,
 To gain themselves and th' art repute,
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bedewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art
 Which way a serving-man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone,
 Who picked a fob at holding-forth,[‡]
 And where a watch, for half the worth,

one Tom Jones, a foolish Welshman, it is also ascribed to one Richard Green, who published a piece of ribaldry called *Hudibras in a snare*. It is elsewhere said to have been designed for Sir George Wharton, and the author of the *Life*, printed in 1710, tells us that under this character Butler reflects upon the writer of the spurious Second Part of *Hudibras*.

* Alluding to the forms adopted by law-writers

† Menckemus in his book *De Chiarlataneria Luditorum*, ed. Amst., 1747, tells this story — N.

‡ The cut-purses followed their vocation at all public places, not only in the chapels and churches, and under the gallows at executions,

May be redeemed, or stolen plate
 Restored at consonable rate
 Beside all this, he served his master
 In quality of poetaster,
 And rhymes appropriate could make
 To every month i' th' almanack,^{*}
 Where terms begin, and end, could tell,
 With them returns, in doggerel,
 When the exchequer opes and shuts,
 And sowgelder with safety cuts,
 When men may eat and drinck their fill,
 And when be temperate, if they will,
 When use, and when abstun from vice,
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice
 And as in prison mean rogues beat
 Hemp for the service of the great,
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains
 T' advance his master's fame and gains,

but even in the courts of justice Ben Jonson's ballad, detailing
 their practices informs us that on one occasion a judge on the bench
 was robbed of his purse —

At Worcester tis known well and even in the jail,
 A knight of good worship did there shew his face
 Ag'inst the foul sessions in zeil for to raij,
 And so lost *ipso facto* his purse in the place
 Ny, once from his seat
 Of judgment so great,
 A judge therie did lose i' th' purse of velvete
 At plays, and at scrmons and at the sessions
 In duly their practice such booty to make,
 Yet under the gallows, at executions
 They stick not the sturc abouts purses to tal e

Bartholomew Fair, m 5

This ballad, consisting of five stanzas was afterwards printed with additions, under the title of *A Careat for Cut purses* — see *Songs from the Dramatists*, p 117

* Alluding, perhaps, as Dr Grey suggests to John Booker, the astrologer, whose 'excellent verses' Lilly tells us upon the twelve months, framed according to the configuration of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation ill over England'

And, like the devil's oracles,
 Put into doggerel rhymes his spells,
 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks * presage
 He would an elegy compose
 On maggots squeezed out of his nose,
 In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress, eating a black-pudden,
 And, when imprisoned air escaped her,
 It puffed him with poetic rapture,
 His sonnets charmed th' attentive crowd,
 By wide-mouthed mortal trolled aloud,
 That, circled with his long-eared guests,
 Like Orpheus looked among the beasts
 A carman's horse could not pass by,
 But stood tied up to poetry,
 No porter's burthen passed along,
 But served for burthen to his song
 Each window like a pillar appears,
 With heads thrust through, nailed by the ears,
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
 Breeds business for heroic verse,
 Which none does hear, but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song †
 Those two together long had lived,
 In mansion, prudently contrived,
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star ,‡

* A cant term for *bawll* According to Blount it is an Arabic word signifying nothing

† So did he move our passions, some were known
 To wish, for the defence the crime their own

DENHAM—*On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death*

‡ 'In 1652 I purchased my house and some lands in Hersham in the parish of Walton-upon-Thames, in the county of Surrey where I now live The purchase of the house and lands, and buildings, stood

And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was raised by him, found out by Fisk,^{*}
 On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic mute† of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fastened telescope,
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters
 It happened as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tassel‡ of a kite,
 The strangest long-winged hawk that flies,
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Of herald's martlet, has no legs,§
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs,

me in nine hundred and fifty pounds sterling, which I have very much augmented.—LILLY'S *Life*

* We learn from Lilly that Nicholas Fish was a licentiate in physic, born in Suffolk, near Framlingham, of very good parentage, and that he was educated at the county schools studying astrology and physic at home which he practised at Colchester, afterwards settling in London. Lilly gives a high character of him in his *art*. He was a person very studious, laborious, of good apprehension and had by his own industry obtained both in astrology, physic, arithmetic, astronomy, geometry and algebra, singular judgment; he would in astrology resolve horary questions very soundly but was ever dissident of his own abilities, he was exquisitely skilful in the art of directions upon nativities and had a good genius in performing judgment thereupon, but very unhappy he was that he had no genius in teaching his scholars, for he never perfected any.—*Life*

† The dung of birds —

Upon the oak, the plum tree, and the holme,
 The stock dove and the black-bird should not come,
 Whose nutting on those trees do make them grow,
 Rot curing Hyphae and the musletoe

BROWNE—*Britain Past* 1

‡ Tercel, the male of the goshawk, called the gentle tercel on account of its tractable disposition. According to some, says Mr Halliwell, the term was also applied to the male eagle.

§ The supposition that the birds of Paradise—found in the Oriental islands and in New Guinea—have no legs may, probably, have arisen from the fact, that their legs are richly feathered at the extremities. Le Blanc says that they were called birds of Paradise, not only on

His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a light,
 Enclosed in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear
 This Sidiophol by chance espied,
 And with amazement stirring wide,
 'Bless us,' quoth he, 'what diadful wonder
 Is that appears in heaven yonder?
 A comet, and without a beard!
 Or star that ne'er before appeared?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations,
 Nor those that, drawn for signs, † have been
 To th' houses † where the planets inn
 It must be supernatural,
 Unless it be that cannon-ball
 That, shot i' th' air, point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height,

-- --

account of their beauty, but because the vulgar, believing that they were found only after they were dead, imagined they must have dropped out of heaven. There are several species, the largest of which is two feet four inches in length. The 'herald's' mitlet is a fanciful bird, shaped like a martin or swallow, with short tufts of feathers in place of legs. It is the distinction, in heraldry, of a fourth son.

* The stars are grouped by astronomers into constellations, to which they assign the names of animals, fish &c according to their forms. Butler elsewhere alludes to this ancient system:

That elephants are in the moon,
 Though we had now discovered none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have a tittle of all sorts of nations
 And heaven, like a Jutu's hoire,
 With great and numerous doves is stored.

Elephant in the Moon

† Signs, a pun between signs for public houses, and signs or constellations in the heavens.—N

‡ The astrologers called the constellations 'houses,' as being the dwellings, or places of abode, of the planets.

That, learned philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again,*
 But in the airy region yet
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet †
 For if it be above the shade,
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may, from fai,
 Appear no bullet, but a star'

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Placed near at hand, in open view,
 And raised it, till it levelled night
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite,‡
 Then peeping through, 'Bless us,' quoth he,
 'It is a planet, now, I see,
 And, if I er not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn § yes, 'tis clear
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
 He's got between the Dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale,||
 Pray heaven divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common,

* Alluding to the absurd experiment related of some unknown philosophers who fired a cannon point-blank against the zenith, and then because they could not find where it fell, concluded that it must have hit the mark.

† The fable of Mahomet's coffin being hung in a vault of loadstones forms no part of the belief of the faithful, and is denied by the Mahometans when they hear it related by the Christians. It had its origin, probably, in the Mahometan tradition concerning the stone upon which Mahomet placed his foot when he mounted the beast Alborak on his ascent to heaven. The stone, it appears, ascended also, and was checked by Mahomet, who put his hand upon it to prohibit it from rising any farther, and from that time to the present it has remained suspended at a considerable distance from the earth. The true believer still beholds the stone motionless in the air.

‡ The glow-worm emits its light from the extremity of the abdomen.

§ The configuration of Saturn, in some of the old books of astronomy is said to resemble a particular form of tobacco stopper, having a round knob shooting out with two ends.

On some old globes the whale is described with legs —N

And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend'
 With that, he fell again to pry
 Through perspective, more wristfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string,
 That kept the towering fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star ‘Well shot,’
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 He 'ad levelled at a star, and hit it,
 But Sidiophel, more subtle-witted,
 Cried out, ‘What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall!
 It threatens nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
 The day of judgment's not far off,
 As lately 'twas revealed to Sedgwick,*
 And some of us find out by magic
 Then, since the time we have to live
 In this world's shortened, let us strive
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit’

This feat fell out not long before
 The knight, upon the forenamed score,
 In quest of Sidiophel advancing,
 Was now in prospect of the mansion,
 Whom he discovering, turned his glass,
 And found fair off 'twas Hudibras †

* William Sedgwick, a fanatical prophet and preacher, who seems to have run through all the phases of sectarianism, being alternately a Presbyterian, an Independent, and an Anabaptist. On one occasion, pretending that it had been revealed to him in a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russell in Cambridgeshire, and finding some gentlemen at bowls, he called upon them to prepare for their approaching dissolution. Hence he acquired the nickname of Doomsday Sedgwick.—See Woods' *Athenae Oxon.*

† It is evident from this line that Sidiophel was acquainted with the person of Hudibras, but Hudibras does not seem to have known Sidiophel, except by report. Whether Lilly was personally acquainted with Sir Samuel Luke is doubtful. A note in Grey's *Hudibras* says, it

'Whachum,' quoth he, 'Look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come
 The one's the learnèd knight, seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about'
 Whachum advanced, with all submiss ness
 T' accost 'em, but much more then business
 He held a stirrup, while the knight
 From leathern Baie-bones did alight,
 And, taking from his hand the bridle,
 Approached, the dark sounē to uniddle
 He gave him first the tyme o' th' day,
 And welcomed him, as he might say
 He asked him whence they came, and whither
 Then business lay? Quoth Ralpho, Hitherto
 'Did you not lose†—Quoth Ralpho, 'Nay'
 Quoth Whachum, 'Sir, I meant your way!
 You knight'‡—Quoth Ralpho, 'Is a lover,—
 And pains intol'able doth suffer,
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards'
 'What time'—Quoth Ralpho, 'Sir, too long,
 Three years it off and on has hung—'
 Quoth he, 'I meant what time o' the day 'tis,§
 Quoth Ralpho, 'Between seven and eight 'tis'
 'Why then,' quoth Whachum, 'my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,

appears from Lilly's *Life* that he was, but the only reference in that book to Sir Samuel does not warrant such an inference

* We learn from a subsequent line that the time was evening

† He supposes, observes Dr Nash, that they came to inquire after something stolen or strayed

‡ The whole scene is ingeniously conceived. Whachum cunningly extracts from Ralph the object of the knight's visit, and afterwards communicates it to Sidrophel in the presence of both, by means of astrological phraseology which they do not understand. This device enables the conjuror, much to the astonishment of Hudibras, to speak upon the business with an appearance of oracular knowledge

§ Whachum a second time throws Ralph off his guard, by pretending that he has mistaken his question, thus obtuming the information he wants without seeming to seek it—a stratagem which Ralph with all his knowledge of the arts of conjurors, has not skil enough to detect

Or great estate'—Quoth Ralph, 'A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' hei'

Meanwhile the knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter,
Which having done, the wizard steps in,
To give him a suitable reception,
But kept his business at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way,
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the knight,
And what he came to know, drew near
To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
Which he prevented thus 'What was't,'
Quoth he, 'that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arrived?'
Quoth Whachum, 'Venus you retrieved'
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign or friendly stars
T' allay the effect'† Quoth wizard, 'So!
In Vugo' ha'‡ Quoth Whachum, 'No'
'Has Saturn nothing to do in it?'§
'One tenth of's circle to a minute?'||
'Tis well,' quoth he—'Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forced to use,
It is a scheme, and face of heaven
As th' aspects are disposed this even,
I was contemplating upon
When you arrived, but now I've done'

— — — — —

* Found

† Venus in opposition with Mars clearly reveals to *Sidrophel* not only that there is a mistress in the case, but that she is unfavourable to the knight's suit

‡ The answer indicates that the lady is not a virgin—consequently, by inference, that she is a widow

§ By this subtle inquiry Sidrophel asks how long the suit has been going on, Saturn being the god of time

|| Saturn's periodical revolution round the sun occupies nearly twenty nine years and a half, the tenth of which term would be about the three years during which on and off, according to Ralph's communication, the courtship had lasted

Quoth Hudibras, 'If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt
Your speculations, which I hoped
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse'

'By no means, Sir,' quoth Sidiophel,
The stars your coming did foretell,
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your business too'

Quoth Hudibras, 'Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after, on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or absurd'

'You are in love, Sir, with a widow,'
Quoth he, 'that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has had your wit
And passion, without drawing bit,
And now your business is to know
If you shall carry her, or no'

Quoth Hudibras, 'You're in the right,
But how the devil you come by't
I can't imagine, for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse,
Nor can their aspects, though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em, tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,*
That turns as certain as the spheres,

* The mode of discovering a thief by the oracle of the sieve and shears was performed in this way—the points of the shears were stuck in the rim of a sieve two persons supporting them with the tips of their fingers, a certain passage in the Bible was then read aloud, and St Peter and St Paul were asked whether A, B, or C (naming in succession the suspected persons) was the thief, and at the name of the thief the sieve would suddenly turn out. This is a very ancient mode of divination. It is mentioned in the third Idyl of Theocritus, the passage is thus rendered by Creech—

To Agrio too, I made the same demand,
A cunning woman she, I crossed her hand,

But if the devil s of your counsel,
 Much may be done, my noble donzel ,^{*}
 And 'tis on his account I come,
 To know from you my fatal doom '

Quoth Sidrophel, ' If you suppose,
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take the alarm,
 Your business is but to inform ,[†]
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ,
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by rules of art ,
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of astrology ,
 But for the devil, [I] know nothing by him,
 But only this, that I defy him '

Quoth he, ' Whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your metonymy ,[‡]
 Your words of second-hand intention ,[§]
 When things by wrongful names you mention ,
 The mystic sense of all your terms,
 That are indeed but magic charms

She turned the sieve and shears, and told me true,
 That I should love, but not be loved by you

See also Potter's *Greek Antiquities*. Ben Jonson alludes to it —

Searching for things lost with a sieve and shears
Alchemist, i i

It was commonly practised in England down to the Restoration, and lingered long after amongst the peasantry in remote districts

* A squat page, or attendant. Nares traces it to *donzel*—It , a squire, a young man. The donzel was, generally, a person of good birth.

† To give information against him which would have exposed him to immediate prosecution, the law against witches and conjurers being at that time carried into severe execution —See *ante*, p 11, note *

‡ A figure in rhetoric by which one word, or thing, is substituted by representation for another, the effect for the cause, or *vice versa* as, we say a man 'keeps a good table,' instead of good provisions , or, 'we read Shakespeare,' meaning his works Hudibras hints that he understands the juggle of terms by which Sidrophel endeavours to mystify him

§ Words not used in their primary meaning

To raise the devil, and ean one thing,
 And that is down-right conjuring,
 And in itself more warrantable
 Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,
 Which by confederacy a'e done
 You ancient conjuers were wont
 To make her from hei sphere dismount,
 And to their incantation stoop,*
 They scoured to pore through telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with hei,
 To find out cloudy or fair weathci,
 Which every almanack can tell,
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about
 You modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in,†
 And straight resolves all questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' ight
 The Rosicrucian way's more sue
 To bring the devil to the lue,
 Each of 'em has a several gm,
 To catch intelligences‡ in
 Some by the nose, with fumes, tiepan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam,§

* Canidia, the witch in Horace boasts of her power in this respect.
 Also the witch in Ovid. The poets ascribed it likewise to the influence
 of incantations —G

† 'The King presently called to his Bougi to clear the air—the conjurer immediately made a hole in the ground wherein he unled'—LE BLANC'S Travels. The ancient Zabu used to dig a hole in the earth, and fill it with blood, as the means of forming a correspondence with demons, and obtaining their favour —N

‡ Demons or spirits

§ St. Dunstan was born in 925, became in succession Abbot of Glastonbury, Bishop of the united sees of London and Worcester, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury. He died at the age of sixty-four. He was a man of great learning, according to the standard of his age, boundless ambition, and consummate intrigue. He studied the occult sciences, and during his retirement at Glastonbury dug a cave,

Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds,
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engraved in planetary nicks,^{*}
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em,
 Make 'em depose and answer to
 All questions, ere they let them go
 Bombastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pommel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks †
 Kelly ‡ did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone, §

or give, in the couth, with a small aperture for light, where he exercised his pursuit of working in metals. It was here he performed his first 'miracle' the incident illuded to in the text 'One night, says Osborne his biographer, 'the whole neighbourhood was alarmed by the most terrible howlings and in the morning, on the people flocking round him to inquire the cause he gravely informed them that the devil having introduced his head into his window, for the purpose of tempting him under the form of a woman he had seized him by the nose with red-hot pincers, which sat in not relishing had uttered those alarming cries.—See also BUTLER'S *Character of an Hermetic Philosopher*

* Figures and signs arranged in certain relations with the planets and constellations

† bombastus was the family name of Paracelsus—See ante, p 22 note † Upon this passage Butler has the following note—'Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword which was the reason, perhaps why he was so valiant in his drink however, it was to better purpose than Hannibal carried poison in his to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity, for the sword would have done thefeat alone much better, and more soldier like, and it was below the honour of so great a commander to go out of the world like a rat'—Ed 1674

‡ See ante, p 12, note §

§ The angelical stone, or speculum, of Dr Dee, who pretended that it was brought to him by the angels Raphael and Gabriel, with whom he professed to be familiar. He is said to have shown this speculum to Queen Elizabeth, and explained its properties to her. According to some descriptions, the stone had the appearance of a volcanic production, and was a species of vitrified lava, and other accounts inform us that upon examination it turned out to be nothing more than a polished piece of cannel coal, of a circular form, with a handle. It passed into the possession of the Earl of Peterborough, at Drayton,

Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solved all problems ne'er so deep
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,*
 That was his tutor, and the cui
 Read to th' occult philosopher,†
 And taught him subtly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain ‡

To this, quoth Sidrophello, 'Sū,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen §
 Nor was the dog a cacodæmon ||
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, and yet no devil,
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go
 As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Tismegistus ¶ did before,

thence fell to Lady Betty Guernse, by whom it was given to the Duke of Argyle, whose son Lord Fideli Campbell, presented it to Horace Walpole. It was sold in 1842 at the dispersion of the curiosities of Strawberry Hill.

* 'Coincilius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought but the author of *Magna Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from that suspicion in which he has shown great respect and kindness for them both'—
 BUTLER—FD. 1674.

† So called from a book ascribed to him, entitled *De Occulta Philosophia*

‡ Nothing can be more pleasant than this turn given to Agrippa's silly book, *De l'antite Scientiarum*—WARBURTON

§ Jacob Behmen, or Boehmen, the founder of the sect of the Behmenists, was born in Upper Lusatia in 1575. He had some knowledge of chemistry and pretended to have been possessed of a divine light. He published a great number of works illustrating his visionary religious notions. Behmen appears to have been a fanatic, who deluded himself in common with others. || Simply an evil spirit

¶ The Hermes of the Greeks, and Mercury of the Latins

Pythagoras^{*} old Zoroaster,[†]
 And Apollonius then master,[‡]
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know[¶]

Quoth Hudibras,—‘ Alas! what is’t us
 Whether ’twas said by Trismegistus,
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
 ’Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth truth, although Time’s daughter,
 ’Twas he that put her in the pit,
 Before he pulled her out of it,[§]
 And as he eats his sons just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too ||
 Nor does it follow, ’cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space, ¶¶
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old ’

* The Greek philosopher

† Neither the age nor identity of Zoroaster can be determined. By some he is said to have been the King of the Bactrians who was slain by Ninus, and commonly reputed the inventor of magic. Some make him contemporary with Abraham; others place him five thousand years before the Trojan war. The diversity of speculations arises from the number of historical persons who are known by the same name.

‡ Master of the Rosicrucians. He embraced the doctrines of Pythagoras, and marvellous things are related of him. He was said to have been a magician of extraordinary skill and to have had the power of raising the dead, of making himself invisible and of being in two places at the same time.

§ Cleanthes said, the truth was hid in a pit. Yes, says our author, but you Greek philosophers were they who first put her there, and then claimed to yourselves so much merit for drawing her out again — WARBURTON.

|| As Saturn or Time, is said to eat his sons — so he may also be supposed to devour his daughters, of whom Truth is one.

¶ The satire applies generally to the assumption of fictitious pedigrees by the help of the heralds but it had a special application to the time of the Civil Wars, when many persons who were mainly born rose to wealth and power, and set up pretensions to an ancient descent.

Quoth Sidiophel, ' It is no part
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform, deny,
 Because you understand not why,
 As Averrois[†] played but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric,
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or risings, seat,
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height
 Do not the histories of all ages
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,[‡]
 And some that have writ almanicks?
 The Median emperor dreamt his daughter
 Had pissed all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches, †

* A famous Arabian lawyer and philosopher, who flourished in the latter part of the twelfth century. His father was high-priest and chief judge under the Emperor of Morocco of the kingdom of Cordova, his authority extending over Andalusia and Valencia. On the death of his father he succeeded to these offices, in addition to which he was afterwards appointed judge of Morocco and Mauritania. He attained great eminence by his discourses on natural philosophy, religion law, and medicine, and although he did not understand Greek, he wrote annotations on Aristotle's works, which required for him the name of the Commentator. His celebrity soon surrounded him by enemies, who denounced him to the Emperor as a heretic and wicked in procuring his dismissal and degradation. His successor however became so unpopular that Averrois was recalled and reinstated. He died at Morocco in 1226. His works were collected and published at Lyons and Venice in the sixteenth century, and a third edition appeared at Venice in 1608.

† Soothsayers who cast nativities, and foretold the events of a life from the omens and incidents attending the birth.

‡ Astrologers, King of Media having had this extraordinary dream of his daughter Mandane, married her to an obscure Persian, in the hope of averting its fulfilment. But this very precaution led to its accomplishment. Cyrus, the son of Mandane, overran the whole of Asia, and transferred the empire to the Persians.

And did not soothsayers expound it,
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclipsed foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slughtere,
 Looked † pale for almost a year after?
 Augustus having, b' oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right, ‡
 Had like to have been slain that day,
 By soldiers mutining for pay
 Are there not myriads of this sort,
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not ominous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees? §
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their cleiry, with luctiations,
 Our Synod calls humiliations,
 The round-faced prodigy t' avert
 From dawg town or country huit
 And if an owl have so much power,
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see further, and foicknow
 More than their augury below?
 Though that once served the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by,

* The prodigies that preceded the death of Cæsar are mentioned by several of the classical authors † Should we not read Look?

‡ This is a very old superstition It was also thought to be the forerunner of some calamity to put on either shoe on the wrong foot ‘Auguste,’ says St FOIX, ‘est empereur qui gouverna vce tant de sagesse et dont le règne fut si florissant, estoit immobile et consterné lorsqu'il lui arrivoit par malice de mettre le soulier droit au pied gauche, et le soulier gruche au pied droit’

§ The cries of ravens and crows are generally interpreted as weather prognostics If they croak against the sun it is for fine weather—if they go into the water, and croak it is for rain The raven has been a bird of ill omen in all ages Bishop HALL says that ‘if he hear but a raven croak from the next roof he makes his will

And this is what we take in hand,
 By powerful art, to understand,
 Which, how we have performed, all ages
 Can speak th' events of our presiges
 Have we not lately in the moon
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
 Discovered sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan could never compass?
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle growing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, ' You lie so ope,
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie
 For Anaxagoras, long agone
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,†
 And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece,
 Believed the heavens were made of stone,
 Because the sun had voided one,

* Anaxagoras of Clazomenae, one of the most distinguished of the ancient philosophers. He was a disciple of Anaximenes and flourished about 500 years before the Christian era. His indefinite but researches led him to adopt opinions so much in advance of his age that he was accused of treating the gods with impiety and was thrown into prison and condemned to death. Pericles who had been one of his pupils with difficulty obtained a commutation of his sentence to fine and banishment. Anaxagoras then retired to Lampsacus, where he died. Amongst his pupils were Euthyphron and Pericles, and some add Socrates and Thermistocles. His great reputation as a philosopher obtained for him so much respect from the people of Lampsacus, that they requested him to inform them in what manner they might acceptably express their respect for his memory after his death; to which he replied by deeming that the day of his death should be kept annually as a holiday in their school. This custom was strictly observed for many centuries. Anaxagoras was the first of the Greek philosophers who separated mind from matter, and recognised the action of a Supreme Intelligence in the design and formation of the material universe. He thus assigned an adequate cause for the existence of the visible world.

† Anaxagoras maintained that the moon was an opaque body, receiving light from the sun, and that it was a habitable region, divided into land and water.

And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffered banishment
 But what, alas! is it to us,
 Whether i' th' moon, men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?
 What trade from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from France?
 What can our travellers bring home,
 That is not to be learned at Rome?
 What politics, or strange opinions,
 That are not in our own dominions?
 What science can be brought from thence,
 In which we do not here commence?
 What revelations, or religions,
 That are not in our native regions?
 Are sweating lanterns,[†] or screen-fans,[‡]
 Made better there than they're in France?
 Or do they teach to sing and play
 O' th' gai tai there a newer way?
 Can they make plays there, that shall fit
 The public humour with less wit?
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows,
 Or fight with more ingenious blows?

* The whole of this passage is in a spirit of bantering exegication. It may be doubted from the rational doctrines Anaxagoras is known to have promulgated, whether the extravagant notions ascribed to him by some writers had any foundation in fact. It is said that he considered the sun to be a circular mass of hot iron, something larger than the Peloponnesus, and the stars to be stones which had been whirled from the earth by the violent circumvolution of the surrounding ether. It is not easy to believe that such absurd opinions were held by an investigator who examined natural phenomena so strictly as to arrive at several conclusions which the subsequent discoveries of science have confirmed.

† A sort of box with a lamp inside. It was used in a certain class of diseases, the patient being shut up in it to encourage perspiration.

‡ The screen fan was generally made of embroidered leather, paper, straw or feather. It hung by the side of the chimney piece, and was used by ladies to shade their faces from the fire.

Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
 And wear a huger periwig?
 Show in his gait, or face, more tricks
 Than our own native lunatics?
 But if w' outdo him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As wind i' th' hypocondries pent,
 Is but a blast, if downward sent,
 But if it upward chance to fly,
 Becomes new light and prophecy,
 So when your speculations tend
 Above them just and useful end,
 Although they promise strange and great
 Discoveries of things far set,
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,
 And savour strongly of the *ganjas* †
 Tell me but what's the natural cause
 Why on a sign no painter draws
 The full-moon ever, but the half?
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff, ‡
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
 And dogs howl when she shines in water?
 And I shall freely give my vote,
 You may know something more remote'

At this, deep Sidiophel looked wise,
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,
 He put his face into a posture
 Of sapience, and began to bluster,
 For having three times shook his head
 To stir his wit up, thus he said

* Hypochondria—the spicis on each side of the epigastric region

† Alluding to a sort of astronomical romance written by Godwin, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, called *The Man in the Moor, or, a Discourse of a Voyage thither*. In this expedition the traveller ascends to the moon in a light carriage drawn by geese—in Spanish *ganjas*

‡ A mathematical instrument for taking heights and distances —

Reach then a sounding quill, that I may write,
 As with a Jacobs staff to take her height

' Ait has no mortal enemies
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese,
 Those consecrated geese, in orders,
 That to the Capitol were waideis,
 And being then upon patiol,
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul,
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
 That will not credit their own souls,
 Or any scienc understand,
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand,
 But measuring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known,
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffec-
 Houses cry down all philosophy,
 And will not know upon what ground
 In nature we our doctrine found,
 Although with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you,
 Foretelling what you come to know
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers and burglars by night?
 To wait on drunks, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors,
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges?
 Or witches simppling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors snippets?
 Or from the pillory tips of ears
 Of rebel-saints and perjurers?

* Gathering simples —

As simppling new fun Tweed each sung by turn,
 The listening rivel would neglect his un-

GARTH — Dispensary, v

† And felons' bones from rifled gibbets torn,
 Like those which some old hag at midnight steals
 For witchcrafts, amulets, and charms, and spells

OLDHAM — Satires on the Servants, iv

Only to stand by, and look on,
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a constellation there
 That was not born and bred up here,
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern?
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em prates, whores, and thieves?
 And is it like they have not still,
 In their old practices, some skill?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth,
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below?
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's periwig?
 Whose livery does the coachman wear? †
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chain? ‡
 And therefore, as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence
 Pluto denied the world can be
 Governed without geometry §
 For money bring the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight and tale,

Queen Berenice, when her husband, Ptolemy Evergetes, undertook an expedition into Syria, made a vow to cut off her hair, in case he should come back in safety. On his return she kept her pledge, and dedicated her hair in the temple built by Ptolemy Philadelphus to the memory of his wife, Arsinoe. By some accident the offering was lost, and Conon of Simos, a mathematician, to soothe her feelings, declared that the hair was carried up to heaven where it was formed into seven stars near the tail of the Lion. Hence the constellation *Coma Berenices*.

† Bootes, in the constellation of Charles's Wain the Great Bear, is sometimes called the Driver.

‡ A constellation in the northern hemisphere consisting of fifty-five stars. Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia.

§ Alluding to the saying attributed to Plato, that the Deity governed the universe on geometrical principles.

In all th' affauns of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight,
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine astrology made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As fai as heaven's above the earth'

'These reasons,' quoth the knight, 'I grant
 Are something moie significant
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce,
 And yet they're fai from satisfactory,
 To establish and keep up your factory
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
 Shifted his setting and his rise,
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east,*
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know
 Some hold, the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And were't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground,†
 As sage Empedocles‡ of old,
 And from him modern authours hold

* This marvellous story is related by Herodotus, who was informed by the Egyptian priests that in the period of 11,340 years under the reigns of their ancient kings, the sun rose twice where he now sets and set twice where he now rises. Dr Grey quotes an equally remarkable fable from Clunes history, in which it is stated that on one occasion the sun did not set for ten days. The Egyptian miracle is alluded to by Spenser —

And if to these Egyptian wizards old
 Which in star read were wont have best insight,
 Faith may be given, it is by them told
 That since the time they first took the sun's height,
 Four times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
 And wested twice where he ought rise aright

Fairy Queen, v i

† Anaxagoras, in his *Commentaries on Aristotle* maintained that the heavens were sustained by the velocity of circumrotatory motion

‡ A celebrated philosopher of Agrigentum, in Sicily, who flourished

Plato believed the sun and moon
 Below all other planets run —
 Some Mercury, some Venus seat
 Above the Sun himself in height
 The learned Scaliger complained
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintained,†
 That in twelve hundred years, and odd,
 The Sun had left its ancient road,
 And nearely to the Earth is come
 'bove fifty thousand miles from home,

between 400 and 500 years B.C. He possessed great wealth, and, by favouring democratic principles, acquired so much popularity that at length he assumed the state and distinctions of a sovereign, wearing a purple robe, a golden girdle, and a Delphic crown and never appearing in public without a retinue of attendants. He used his influence in repealing disorders, and promoting rational liberty. He was a poet, orator, and physician, and Lucretius, who condemns his philosophy, pronounces a panegyric on his poetry. It is said that Empedocles flung himself into one of the burning caverns of Etna, in order that by suddenly disappearing, it might be supposed he had gone direct to heaven, but the more probable version of his death, related by Laertius, is that riding to Messina in his chariot he was thrown out and broke his hip, which brought on a fever of which he died, in his 77th year. One of the opinions held by Empedocles was, that the heavens consisted of a solid body of air, crystallized by fire, that the stars, composed of fire, were fixed permanently in the crystal, and that the sun was a mass of fire, making a constant revolution round the earth. These opinions are embodied by Shakspeare in the familiar lines —

Doubt that the stars are fire,
 Doubt that the sun doth move, &c

* *Plato solem et lunam ceteris planetis inferiores esse putavit — G. Cunnin in Cosmog — G.* Empedocles held that while the stars were fixed the planets wandered at will in space, and that the moon was twice as far from the sun as from the earth. In going back upon the theories of the ancients Hudibras discovers a variety of contradictions, and, consequently, distrusts the inferences drawn by the astrologers from a system upon which the most learned men entertained an irreconcileable diversity of opinions.

† Scaliger observed that the writings of Copernicus deserved a sponge and their author a rod. The eight succeeding lines in the text, as it now stands, were substituted in the second edition for the following four which appeared in the first —

About the sun's and earth's approach,
 And swore that he that dared to broach
 Such pultry fopperies abroad,
 Deserved to have his rump well clawed.

Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad,
 Deserved to have his rump well clawed,
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserved the rod much more,
 That duist upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the pope of Rome
 Cardan^t believed great states depend
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
 That as she whisked it towards the Sun,
 Stroved mighty empires up and down,
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails !

* John Bodin, a French lawyer, born at Angers and died at Laon, 1596. He passed through almost every phase of scepticism and belief, and was alternately Christian, Jew, deist and atheist. He supported the doctrine of Copernicus, and other mathematicians, that in the course of time the circle of the earth had approached nearer to the sun.

† Jerome Cardan, or Cardanus, an Italian physician and astrologer, born at Pavia in 1501. He acquired great celebrity by his skill in medicine, and the success of his predictions, visited Scotland on the invitation of the Archbishop of St Andrew's, whom he cured of an asthma, cast the nativity of Edward VI whose death he foretold received a pension from the Pope, and after a series of adventures, which he related in an auto biography, he died at Rome. According to Schiller and others, he strived himself to verify a prediction he had made of his own death. He was a voluminous writer, a man of extensive erudition, and the author of many curious discoveries in philosophy and medicine. Quite conscious of his own merits, the notoriety he obtained appears to have inspired him with the most extravagant vanity. Speaking of himself he writes, 'I have been admired by many nations, and an almost infinite number of panegyrics in prose and verse have been composed to celebrate my fame. I was born to release the world from the manifold errors under which it groaned. What I have found out could not be discovered by my predecessors, or my contemporaries.' As might be expected from an egotist of this description, he held some notions more remarkable for their folly and eccentricity than their soundness, of which that ascribed to him by Butler was one.

‡ The vulgar belief that bears had no tails seems to have originated in the fact that their tails are very short in comparison with those of other animals.

Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since changed their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram,
 Affirmed the Trigons^{*} chopped and changed,
 The watery with the fiery ranged
 Then how can then effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake,
 And is one cause they tell moie lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
 In so many hundied thousand years,[†]
 Beside their nonsense in translating,
 For want of accidence and latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, englished
 The quartei-davs, by skilful linguist,[§]
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do thefeat,
 Make fools believe in then foreseing
 Of things before they are in being,
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catched,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatched,
 Make them the constellations prompt,
 And give 'em back then own accompt,

* Referring to the gradual change produced in the position of the constellations by the precession of the equinox.

† A Trigon is the junction of three signs, by which the zodiac becomes partitioned into four division, each named after one of the four elements. Thus the watery trigon included Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces, the fiery, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, the earthly Taurus, Virgo, and Capricornus and the airy, Gemini Libra, and Aquarius.

‡ The Childeans, as Cicero remarks, pretended to have been in possession of astrological knowledge for the space of 47,000 years.

§ Mr Smith, of Harleston, suggests that this is probably a banter on Fanshaw's translation of Horace —

Omnem relegit idibus pecuniam,
 Querit calendas ponere
 At Michaelmas calls all his monies in,
 And at our Lady puts them out agen

But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the 'versal world's nativity,
 And made the infant-stars confess
 Like fools or children, what they please
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats,
 Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks,
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
 Tell who is barren, and who fertile,
 As if the planet's first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In soul and body, and instil
 All future good and future ill,
 Which in their dark fatalties lurking,
 At destined periods fall a-working,
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world, but he has done his do,
 Catched all diseases, took all physic
 That cures or kills a man that is sick,
 Married his punctual dose of wives,†
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives

* The stars were divided by the astrologers into five aspects—conjunction, when their revolutions brought them together; opposition, when they were diametrically opposite to each other; sextile, quartile, and trine, when they were distant from each other a sixth part, a fourth part, or a third part of the circle. The aspect under which a child happened to be born was supposed to determine his temper, constitution and destiny.

† That is, the number of wives to which he was predestined by the planetary influence predominant at his birth.

There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war,
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave,
 A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
 A great philosopher and a blockhead,
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learned physician and manslayer
 As if men from the stars did suck
 Old age, diseases, and ill luck,
 Wit, folly honour, virtue vice,
 Trade travel, women claps and dice
 And draw, with the fist an they breathe,
 Battle and murder sudden death †
 Are not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vended here among the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 Like money by the Druids borrowed,
 In th' other world to be restored ‡
 Quoth Sidrophel, 'To let you know
 You wrong the art and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose
 I will, although I've done 't before
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,

* 'These influences, they would make us believe, are a kind of little invisible midwives —*Character of an Hermitic Philosopher*

† Alluding to a depreciation in our Litany, objected to by the Dissenters —See BENNET'S *Judgment of London Cases*, c iv —G

‡ The fraud of the astrologers in taking money for predictions pretended to be derived from the stars is here compared to a similar imposition practised by the Druids, who borrowed money on promises of repayment after death. Druidica pecuniam mutuo impiebant in posteriore vita redditum —PATRICKS Dr Nash observes that this practice amongst the Druids was founded on their doctrine of the immortality of the soul —the fact would perhaps be more correctly described by saying that they turned the doctrine to a profitable account. FUCHAS speaks of 'some priests of Pekin who barter with the people upon some bills of exchange, to be paid, an hundred for one, in heaven —Pilgrims, m 2

And draw a figure that shall tell you
 What you, perhaps, forget befel you,
 By way of horary inspection,
 Which some account our woist erection'

With that, he circles draws, and squares,
 With cyphers, astial characters,
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
 Although set down hab-nab, at random'

Quoth he, 'This scheme of th' heavens set,
 Discovers how in fight you met,
 At Kingston, with a may-pole idol †
 And that y' were banged both back and side well,
 And though you overcame the bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Whore sturdy butchers broke your noddle,‡
 And handled you like a fop doodle'§

Quoth Hudibrias, 'I now perceive
 You are no conjurer, by your leave
 That palty story is untrue,||
 And forged to cheat such gulls as you'

* 'Shot habbe or nabbe, at random'—HOLINSHED There can be no doubt that *hab* *nab* were originally distinct words, and were always written with or between them. The literal meaning is to have or not to have, from the A S *habban*, to have, and *nabban*, not to have. In the Craven dialect we find *hab at him*, which is the exact equivalent of *have at him*. Dr NUNS observes that *hab or nob*, now only used conveniently to ask a person whether he will have a glass of wine or not, is evidently a corruption of *hab or nab*, which he explains have or have not, hit or miss it a venture, quasi, *have or have not*, have not, is null for will not. Butler uses it in the sense in which it is used by Holinshed—things set down hab *nab*, i.e. at random.

† It is scarcely necessary to observe, that maypoles were held in especial veneration by the Puritans.

‡ The structure of this *imbroglio* between Hudibras and Sidrophel is extremely ingenious. The adventures here described by Sidrophel are related in the forged Second Part of *Hudibras*, published immediately after the appearance of the First Part—See vol 1 p 28. By drawing on that spurious publication for incidents in the life of Hudibras, the astrologer it once betrays his ignorance of the real circumstances which he pretends to be acquainted with and affords the knight an opportunity not only of detecting the cheat attempted to be practised on him, but of exposing the counterfeit dogrel at the same time.

§ A foolish, insignificant fellow

|| 'There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name

'Not true' quoth he, 'Howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I afferm make appear,
 Whachum shall justify it t' your face,
 And prove he was upon the place
 He played the saltinbancho's ' paif,
 Transformed t' a Frenchman by my art,
 He stole your cloak, and picked your pocket,
 Chowsed and caldesed t' you like a blockhead,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th house'

Quoth Hudibras, 'I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative,
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A constible to seize the wretches,
 For though they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
 As true as e'er were used by bricklayers
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony, and at the sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one
 Unanimous opinion,‡

and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other men's hands as his fellow, Whachum no doubt deserved in whose abominable doggrel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank, at Brentford fitt, is as properly described —BULLER—Ed 1674

* Fr *saltin banque*—mountebank

† A word of his own coining and signifies putting the fortune-teller upon you, called Chaldeans, or Egyptians —WURBURTON Butler uses it elsewhere in a different sense —

Ashamed that men so learned and wise
 Should be caldesed by gnats and flies

Elephant in the Moon

‡ 'The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards &c, (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating (by the motion of the sun, or any star) how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the

A thing he long has vapoured of,
But now shall make it out by proof'

Quoth Sidiophel, 'I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out,
Nor have I hazarded my art,
And neck, so long on the state's part,
To be exposed, i' th' end, to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer! ^

'Huffer!' quoth Hudibras, 'this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word
Ralphe, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister,
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away'

But Sidiophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believed it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger th' might come on't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one
This being resolved, he spied by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance,†
That many a sturdy limb had gored,
And legs, and loms, and shoulders boored,

string and weight of the pendulum they thought to reduce it back again, and from my part of time compute the exact length of my string that must necessarily vibrate in so much space of time so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant and all mankind learn a new way to measure things, no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute —BUTLER—Ed 1674

By which he hid composed a pdlui s j u g on
For all the world to learn and use in bargain,
An universal canting idiom
To understand the swinging pendulum,
And to communicate in all designs
With the eastern virtuoso in mud muis

Elephant in the Moon

* Bully, blust'ren Some of the old writers use the word *huff snuff*,
'one that will soon take pepper in the nose' † A spit

He snatched it up, and made a pass,
 To make his way through Hudibras
 Whachum had got a fire-foik,
 With which he vowed to do his work,
 But Hudibras was well prepared,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard
 He put by Sidiophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rushed,
 The weapon from his guipe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along
 Whachum his sea-coal prong thiew by,
 And basely turned his back to fly,
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
 As quick as lightning, in the bieech,
 Just in the place where honour's lodged,
 As wise philosophers have judged,
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before *

Quoth Hudibras, 'The stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermin
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know, foretell?
 By this, what cheats you are, we find,
 That in your own concerns are blind †
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redcemed by fine or blows
 But who his honour would defile,
 To take, or sell, two lives so vile?
 I'll give you quarter, but your pillage,
 The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
 Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows'

* In his speech at the Rota Butler amplifies thus —' Some are of opinion that honour is seated in the rump only, chiefly, at least, for, it is observed, that a small kick on that part does more hurt and wound honour than a cut on the head or face, or a stab, or a shot of a pistol on any other part of the body '

† That is that they are impostors who being unable to foretell what is to happen to themselves, pretend to predict the fortunes of others

This said in haste, in haste he fell
 To rummaging of Sidiophel
 First he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A figure for, and so detect,
 A copperplate, with almanacks
 Engraved upon't, with other knacks
 Of Booker's,* Lilly's, Sarah Jimmer's,†
 And blank-schemes to discover nimmers,‡
 A moon dial, with Napier's bones,§
 And several constellation stones,

* Lilly supplies us with a short biography of this astrologer John Book was born in Manchester, in 1601 was well instructed in Latin and from his childhood showed a great passion for astrology He served in apprenticeship to a haberdasher in Lawrence lane, London, but left that business to teach writing at school in Hidley, Middlesex He was afterwards clerk to a Justice of the Peace and also to an alderman of London in which stations he incurred much respect He was in excellent proficient in astrology says Lilly, wrote verses on the months and procured considerable reputation by the success of his predictions He had great skill 'in judging of thefts, and resolving love questions' was an honest man, and abhorred deceit—a character not very easily reconciled with the juggling profession he followed He died in 1667 and Elias Ashmole purchased his library for £140

† This person, called by Lilly, Sirah Skelhorn, was speculative to one Arthur Gunfleet, 'a very lewd fellow, professing physic in Grey inn lane' Lilly was very familiar with her, and says that she had the best eyes for her special purpose he had ever seen She lived for many years, till her death, with Mrs Stockmar, in the Isle of Purbeck, and Lilly gives the following instance of her skill in interrogating the speculum 'Her mistress one time being desirous to accompany her mother, the Lady Beaconsfield, unto London who lived twelve miles from her habitation, caused such to inspect her crystal, to see if she, &c her mother was gone, yet or not the angels appeared and showed her mother opening a trunk and taking out a red waistcoat, whereby she perceived she was not gone Next day she went to her mother's, and there as she entered the chamber, she was opening a trunk, and had a red waistcoat in her hand Such told her oft, the angels would for some years follow her and appear in every room of the house, till she was weary of them —Life

‡ Thieves

§ Lord Napier of Merchiston, born in 1550, the inventor of logarithms In order to abbreviate the labour of his trigonometrical calculations, he devised several ingenious contrivances for reducing it a short mode of

Engraved in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade,
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
 His plunder was not worth the while,
 All which the conqueror did discompt,
 To pay for curing of his lump.

But Sidiophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politics,†
 Straight cast about to over-reach
 Th' unwary conqueror with a fetch,
 And make him glad, at least, to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,

computation, one of which was by means of little rods which, being made of ivory were called Nipper's Bones. He gave a full account of these contrivances, in his work called *Rabdomologia*, published in 1617, a short time before his death.

* The *pile ou face* of the French, our modern heads and tails, or pitch and toss. The *face* is the obverse of the coin which has the head or face on it the *pile* is the reverse. The English terms cross and pile may possibly have been derived from some coins which bore a cross on one side, and a spear's head, or mace, *pilum*, on the other. Cross and pile was a favourite game at the time of the Restoration and was played even by ladies. It is frequently referred to in the comedies. Here is an example —

Carolina Since marriage obliges men so little, and women so much,
 I wonder we endure the cheat on t

If oddly Y are in the right its worse than Cross I win, File yon
 lose —SHADWELL —*Epsom Wells*

It is alluded to again in another part of *Hudibras* —

That you as sure may pick and choose,
 As cross I win, and pile yon lose —P III c 3

Heinck has a couplet on Cross and Pile in the *Hesperides*

† The Roti was a club of politicians who met at the Turk's Head, in New Palace Yard Westminster, where they discussed and drew up a popular form of commonwealth the elements of which will be found in the *Oceana* of Harrington, who was the chief of the club. It acquired the name of the Roti from a proposal made by its members that a third part of the parliament should vote out by ballot every year, and be ineligible for re-election during three years.

Before the secular prince of darkness'
 Arrived to seize upon his carcass
 And as a fox with hot pursuit,
 Chased through a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
 And, while the dogs run underneath,
 Escaped by counterfeiting death,
 Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of atoms justling in his brain,
 As learned philosophers give out +
 So Sidiophello cast about,
 And fell to's wonted trade again,
 To feign himself in earnest slain
 First stretched out one leg, then another,
 And, seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh, quoth he, 'Where am I?
 Alive, or dead? or which way came I
 Through so immense a space so soon?
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body through and through had dilled,
 And Whachum by my side had killed,
 Had cross-examined both our hose,
 And plundered all we had to lose,
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run through
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone-dead, and in his own blood dyed,
 Oh! oh! with that he fetched a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon,

* 'As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness, so is the constable the secular who governs in the night with as great authority as his colleague but far more imperiously —BURLER—1d 1674

+ The ancient atomic philosophers Democritus Epicurus, &c., held that sense in brutes and cognition and volition in men, were produced by impression of corporeal atoms on the brain —N

Shut both his eyes, and stopped his breath,
 And to the life out-acted death,
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believed him to be as dead as herring.*
 He held it now no longer safe
 To tarry the return of Ralph,
 But rather leave him in the lurch
 Thought he, 'He has abused our church,
 Refused to give himself one far
 To carry on the public work,
 Despised our synod-men† like dirt,
 And made their discipline his sport,
 Divulged the secrets of their causes,
 And then conventions prov'd high places, †
 Disparaged their tithe-pigs, as pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon,
 Railed at their covenant, and jeered
 Then reverend parsons, to my beard,
 For all which scandals, to be quit
 At once, this juncture falls out fit
 I'll make him henceforth, to beware,
 And tempt my fury, if he dare
 He must, at least, hold up his hand,
 By twelve freeholders to be scanned,

* The antiquity of this saying, 'as dead as a herring' is more easily ascertained than its origin. Buley refers it to the rapidity with which death ensues after the fish has been taken out of the water; but this is not quite satisfactory. The saying was current at a very early period, and occurs in many old tracts. We find it also in Shakspeare —

Rugby He is wise, sir — he knew your worship would kill him if he came

Cawd By god, de herring is no dead so as I will kill him — *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 3

† Give synod men that were rever'd
 For solid fact, and length of board

See vol. i p. 222

‡ That is, corruptions in discipline — N. Le Samantans et les Priens sufficient sui des humours — *LAELCHER*. When the devil tempted Christ, he set him upon the highest pinnacle of the temple. Great church preferments are great temptations — *BUTLER* — *Thoughts*.

Who, by then skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,
And make him glad to read his lesson,
Or take a turn for't at the session
Unless his light and gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure,
For if he 'scape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do,
And that will disengage my conscience
Of th' obligation, in his own sense
I'll make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means denied,
To give my honour satisfaction,
And right the brethren in the action^{*}

This being resolved, with equal speed,
And conduct, he approached his steed,
And, with activity unwont,
Essayed the lofty beast to mount,
Which once achieved, he spurned his palfrey,
To get from th' enemy and Ralph tree,
Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind

* That is he must either read his neck verse, or be hanged — See post, p 67, note ¹

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDBERAS TO SIDROPHEL

Ecce verum Crispinus

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your skull,
 As often as the moon's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere ye're given o'er,
 To try one desperate medicine more,
 For where your case can be no worse,
 The desp'iat'st is the wisest course
 Is't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Issachai's,†
 And might, with equal reason, either
 For merit, or extent of leather,
 With William Pynne's, before they were
 Retrenched, and crucified,‡ compare,
 Should yet be deaf against a noise
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in every crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheelbarrow, or turnip-cart,

* This Epistle appeared ten years after the publication of the Second Part of *Hudibras*, with which, notwithstanding the title, it has no connexion whatever. It was inserted for the first time as forming a continuation of the Second Part in the edition of 1674, and has been retained in the same place by all subsequent editors, although it must be regarded as an excrescence. The Sidrophel of the Epistle and the Sidrophel of *Hudibras* are distinct persons. The former is said to have been designed for Sir Paul Neile, as a revenge upon him for his having publicly and repeatedly affirmed that Butler was not the author of *Hudibras*—See ante, p. 9, note +. The only reason that can be suggested for dressing him under a name that had been previously applied to Lilly, is that the name had become a by-word of contempt, and that its application to Sir Paul heightened the opprobrium of the satire.

† Gen. xlvi. 14

‡ See vol. i p. 128, note §

On your new nicked-named old invention
 To cry green-hastings^{*} with an engine, †
 As if the velenence had stunned,
 And torn your drumheads with the sound,
 And 'cause your folly's now no news,
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade your self there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanished out of nature,
 When folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears,
 For who but you could be possessed
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laughed and pointed at,
 Nor brayed so often in a mortai,[‡]
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
 But, like a reprobate, what course
 Soever used, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,[§]
 That makes fools cattle, do you good?
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel curs, ||

* Euly pens are called 'hastings'. There is an euly pen known as 'hasting pen, sometimes called 'green chisel'. In a note on Grey's *Hudibras*, 'green hastings' is said to have been an apple well known formerly

† A speaking trumpet, introduced by Sir Samuel Morland, who claimed the invention in an account he published of it in 1671, entitled *Tuba Stentorophonica*. His claim to originality was disputed, hence Butler speaks of it as a 'new nicked-named old invention'. There seems to be good reason for supposing that Sir Samuel was the first person who developed practically the principle of the steam engine.

‡ Prov. xxvii. 22

§ The first person who appears to have maintained the doctrine of the transfusion of the blood was Libavius, a German physician. It was taken up in England by Dr. Richard Lower, who, in his *Tractatus de Corde, item de motu et colore Sanguinis, et Chylis in cum transv. pub* lished in 1669, claimed the merit of the discovery which was disputed by Francis Bacon, of Wiltshire. The faculty entered warmly into the discussion, and the doctrine and its rival supporters furnished for many years a theme of speculation and controversy.

|| A remarkable instance of this kind is made mention of by Gualdus Cambrensis, of a hunting sow that had suckled a bitch.—G.

Put you into a way at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues,
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs,
 Your several new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees,
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps,
 Recovering shankes, crystallines
 And nodes and blotches in their minds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment
 And, like your whimsied chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law,
 As if the art you have so long
 Professed, of making old dogs young,
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too
 Can you, that understand all books
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's,
 Unmiddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows,
 All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest leaning pry,
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bled up m't
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretchedest

* Some fantastical novelty, probably, introduced by one of the projectors of the Royal Society

For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes
 Hence 'tis that 'causc ye 'ave gained o' th college*
 A quarter shire, at most, of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent iepute,
 Y' assume a power as absolute
 To judge, and censue, and contiol,
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,†
 And saucily to pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone ‡
 No, though ye 'ave purchased to your name,
 In history, so great a fame,
 That now your talent's so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That every strange prodigious tale
 Is measured by your German scale,§
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of every lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account,

* Gresham College—See *post*, p 119, note †

† Sir Politic Would-be, a ridiculous pretender to politics, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*—WARBURTON More likely to have been intended to mark the real object of the satire, Sir Paul Neile

‡ 'It should seem that the most impudent farr is the best, for he that does the shuncklest thing the most unconcerned is said to set a good face upon it for the truth is, the face is but the outside of the mind but all the credit is to know how tis lined He may, for anything he knows have is good a title to his pretences as another man, for judgment not being passed in the case (which shall never be by his means), his title still stands full All he can possibly attun to is but to be another thing than nature meant him, though a much worse He makes that good that Pliny says of children—Qui celerius, fieri ezcere, tardius ingredi incipiunt The apter he is to smitten, the slower he is in making any advance in his pretences He trusts words before he is thoroughly acquainted with them, and they commonly show him a trick before he is aware, and he shows it the same time his ignorance to the learned, and his learning to the ignorant'—BUTLER—*Character of a Pretender*

§ The German mile being equal to four English

That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charged upon your score,
 And lesser autho're named no more
 Alas! that faculty betrays
 Those soonest it designs to raise,
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharged the mo're recoil,
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a faw pietence,
 And put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim
 Though you have tried that nothing's boine
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all afforts do still give place
 To your impenetrable face,
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass,
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labou', and undone ~
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natu'ral,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys, and rabble-wit

* 'He that is impudent is like a merchant that trades upon his credit without a stock, and, if his debts were known, would break immediately. The inside of his head is like the outside, and his peruke as naturally of his own growth as his wit. He passes in the world like a piece of counterfeit coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with use, and then his copper complexion begins to appear and nobody will take him but by owl light.' —BUTLER.—*Character of an Impudent Man*

PART III — CANTO I

THE ARGUMENT

The knight and squire resolve at once
 The one the other to renounce,
 They both approach the lady's bower
 The squire inform, the knight to woo her
 She teats them with a masquise,
 By furies and hobgoblins made
 From which the squire conveys the knight,
 And steals him from himself by night

'TIS true, no lover has that power
 To enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings to his bow,
 And burns for love and money too,
 For then he's brave and resolute,
 Disdains to render in his suit,
 Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble,
 While those who silly pursue
 The simple, downright way, and true,
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won
 Than by Caligula the moon,⁴
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hindered,
 For trusting those they made hei kindred,
 And still the haisher and hide-bounder,
 The damsels prove, become the fonder,

* 'Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and hid the heads of the ancient statues of the gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead, and used to stand between the statues of Castor and Pollux to be worshipped, and often bragged of lying with the moon'— Note on early edition, published after Butler's death

For what mad lover ever died
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender hearted,
 In purling streams, or hemp departed?
 Leaped headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room?
 But for some cross ill-natured dame,
 The amorous fly burnt in his flume
 This to the knight would be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolved to try all sorts of ways,
 As follows in due time and place

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the wizard and the knight,
 With all th' appurtenances over,
 But he relapsed again t' a lover,
 As he was always wont to do,
 When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
 And used the only antique philtres
 Derived from old heroic tilters
 But now triumphant and victorious,
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle,
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of court and chancery, justice,
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
 Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons, have past bare-handed,
 And if they cannot read one verse
 I' th' psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.

* 'In Hudibrass days,' observes Dr Grey 'they used to sing a psalm at the gallows and therefore he that, by not being able to read a verse in the Psalms, was condemned to be hanged, must sing, or, at

He, therefore, judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolved to leave the squire for bail
 And mainprize for him, to the jail,
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall
 He thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the lady a renounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition,
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician,
 Describe the manner of the fiay,
 And shew the spoils he brought away,
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight,
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief he 'ad done the deed
 Which he resolved t' enforce, and spare
 No pinning of his soul to swear,
 But, rather than produce his back,
 To set his conscience on the rack,
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles performed, and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand delivery of her heart,
 Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all then ladies' hearts in fight,

lest, hear a verse sung, under the gallows before he was turned off' This custom arose from the practice of what was called benefit of clergy In the times when book-learning was a rare accomplishment, a person who was tried for any capital crime, except treason or sacrilege, might obtain an acquittal by praying his clergy, the meaning of which was to call for a Latin bible, and read a passage in it generally selected from the Psalms If he exhibited this capacity, he was saved as a person of learning, who might be useful to the state, if he could not read, however, he was hanged Hence the common saying among the people, that if they could not read then neck verse at sessions, they must sing it at the gallows

And cut whole giants into fitters,^{*}
 To put them into amorous twitters,
 Whose stubborn bowels scorned to yield,
 Until their gallants were half killed,
 But when their bones were dubbed so sore,
 They durst not woo one combat more,
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdued by blows their loves felt
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls, and ladies' fancies,
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows,
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who 'ave quelled so vast a buffalo!

Meanwhile the squire was on his way,
 The knight's late orders to obey,
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 To attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber,
 When he, who had so lately sacked
 The enemy had done the fact,
 Had rifled all his pokes[†] and fobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,[‡]
 Which he by hook or crook[§] had gathered,
 And for his own inventions fathered,
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither halter-proof

* Fragments The word in this sense is obsolete Some editions read fritters

† Poche, Fr—a pocket, also a bag, or sack, as ‘a pig in a poke’ Early in the fifteenth century a wide capacious sleeve was called a poke

‡ Knick-knacks, trinkets —

— tumbles all

Our jiggumbobs and trinkets to the wall

BROME — *Antipodes*

§ See post, p 158, note †

He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be accessory,
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,
 And leave them for the knight, his betters
 He called to mind th' unjust foul play
 He would have offered him that day,
 To make him carry his own hide,
 Which no beast ever did beside,
 Without all possible evasion,
 But of the riding dispensation,
 And therefore, much about the hour
 The knight, for reasons told before,
 Resolved to leave him to the fury
 Of justice, and an unpacked jury,
 The squire concurred t' abandon him,
 And serve him in the self-same trim,
 T' acquaint the lady what he 'ad done,
 And what he meant to carry on,
 What project 't was he went about,
 When Sidiophel and he fell out,
 His firm and steadfast resolution,
 To swear her to an execution,^{*}
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,[†]
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her
 In which both dealt, as if they meant
 Their party-saints to represent,
 Who never failed, upon then sharing
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,
 To lay themselves out, to supplant
 Each other cousin-german saint [‡]

* To swear that he had executed his part of the bargain—the whipping imposed upon him by the lady

† By inward ears, observes the early annotator, is here meant his conscience

‡ The treachery of Ralph in abandoning and betraying his master, and the distrust which Hudibras at every turn of the action betrays of Ralph, however irreconcileable with dramatic consistency, as pointed out in a note on Dr Grev's edition, forcibly illustrate the higher purpose of the poet—that of exhibiting the selfishness and jealousy of the two sects represented by the knight and squire

But ere the knight could do his part
 The squire had got so much the start,
 He 'ad to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforhand

Just as he finished his report,
 The knight alighted in the court,
 And having tied his beast t' a pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his hand and beard in order,
 The squire to accost and board her.
 And now began t' approach the door,
 When she, wh' had spied him out before,
 Conveyed th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the knight
 With whom encountering, after longeſt †
 Of humble and submissive congees,
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He strok'd his beard ; and thus he said

' Mada , I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe tie ,§
 And now am come, to bring your ear
 A present you'll be glad to hear
 At least I hope so the thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun ,
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle hand ,

* This old phrase was familiarly used in the sense of addressing a person impetuously, or with a determination to be heard Thus —

For I will board her, though she chide
 As loud as thunder —*Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2

Fiont her, board her woo her —*Twelfth Night*, i. 3

I'll board him presently —*Hamlet*, ii. 2

† Longeſt—thrusting himself forward in the manner of a fencer

‡ Setting the beard in order preparatory to an address was a custom as ancient as Homer

§ I wish her beauty,
 That owes not all its duty
 To gaudy tire, or glistering shoe-tie

And that you'd please to do you part,
As I have done mine, to my smart'

With that he shrugged his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ache
But she, who well enough knew what,
Before he spoke, he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he meant,
And therefore wished him to expound
His dark expressions less profound

'Madam,' quoth he, 'I come to prove
How much I've suffered for your love,
Which, like your votary, to win,
I have not spained my tattered skin,
And, for those menitorous lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces'

Quoth she, 'I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce, †
And that you promised, for that favour,
To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour ‡
And for my sake and service, vowed
To lay upon 't a heavy load,
And what 't would bear t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love,
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourself, not me, to know,
But if you have, I shall confess,
Y' are honestier than I could guess'

Quoth he, 'If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath,
And, if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have don't

* A pleasant affectation on the part of the lady the incident which she pretends to remember vaguely as to date having occurred only the day before

† A small fort, here applied to the stocks

‡ The early editions read —

To bind your back to th good behaviour

And he that makes his soul his suety,
I think, does give the best secur'ty'

Quoth she, ' Some say the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture,
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt,
And to be summoned to appeal
In th' other world 's illegal heie,
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what incumbrances they run't
For most men carry things so even
Between this wold, and hell, and heaven,
Without the least offence to either,
They freely deal in all together,
And equally abhor to quit
This wold for both, or both for it,
And when they pawn and damn their souls,
They are but prisoners on paroles '

' For that,' quoth he, "'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all
For when there is that intercourse
Between divine and human powers,
That all that we determine here
Commands obedience every where,
When penalties may be commuted
For fines, or ears, and executed,
It follows, nothing binds so fast
As souls in pawn and mortgage past
For oaths are th' only tests and scales
Of right and wrong, and true and false,

* Dr Grey illustrates this passage by reference to the story of Peter and John de Cuyvijal, who being condemned to death on circumstantial evidence, for a murder, and having in vain solicited a pardon from Ferdinand IV of Spain, declared their innocence on the way to execution and, solemnly appealing to the tribunal of God, summoned the king to appear before it within thirty days. King Ferdinand laughed at the affair, but it, nevertheless disquieted him. On the thirtieth day, however he was quite well and retired to rest ridiculing the summons. The next morning he was found dead in his bed.

And there's no other way to try
The doubts of law and justice by'

Quoth she, 'What is it you would swear?
There's no believing till I hear
For, till they're understood, all tales,
Like nonsense, are not true nor false'

Quoth he, 'When I resolved t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my exercise,
As schools are wont, for your fair eyes,
T' avoid all scruples in the case,
I went to do't upon the place,
But as the castle is enchanted
By Sidiophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my squire and me for two,
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray,
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentorophonic voice,*
That roared far off,—' Dispatch, and strip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin,
To expiate thy lingering sin,
Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not performed thy plighted troth,
But spared thy renegado back,
Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake,
Which now the Fates have ordered me,
For penance and revenge, to flee,
Unless thou presently make haste,
Time is, time was 't—and there it ceased
With which, though startled, I confess,
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention,

* The allusion is to Morland's speaking trumpet — See ante, p 62,
note †

† An allusion to the brazen head

And therefore, snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load,
 Resolved to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good,
 Till tired, and taking tuse at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still plied as fast,
 As if they 'ad been by lovers placed,
 In rapturies of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative barding, *
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, †
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scouges, like the furies, armed,
 That on my outward quarters stormed
 In haste I snatched my weapon up,
 And gave them hellish rage a stop,
 Called thrice upon your name, ‡ and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transformed himself t' a bear, §
 Began to roar aloud, and tear,
 When I as furiously pressed on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turned himself into a goose,
 Dived under water, in a pond,
 To hide himself from being found
 In vain I sought him, but as soon
 As I perceived him fled and gone,
 Prepared, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-sorcerer t' engage,
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,

* Beardless youths were called by the Turks *bardashes*, which implied unnatural paramours.

† The knight may be supposed to refer to his function of scout master

‡ Agreeably to the invaluable custom of all Knights errant

§ Ovid—*Metam.* viii

I judged it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on,
Till in a harsh and doleful tone,
It roared,—‘O hold, for pity, Sir,
I am too great a sufferer,
Abused, as you have been, b’ a witch,
But conjured int’ a worse capuch,[†]
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt,
For opportunities t’ improve
Designs of thievery or love,
With drugs conveyed in drink or meat,
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powdered glass,
And make it for enchantment pass,
With cow-itch[‡] + meazole like a leper,
And choke with fumes of guinea pepper,
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtly,[‡]
Commit phantastical advowtly,[§]
Bewitch hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon,||
Believe mechanic virtuosi
Can raise ‘em mountains in Potosi,
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals,¶
Scek out for plants with signatures,[¶]
To quack off universal cures,

* *Capriccio*—It

† Cowhage, a leguminous plant having pods covered with sharp prickly hairs It is a native of warm climates

‡ *Datura*, a genus of solanaceous plants The *datura stramonium* or thorn apple, has a fetid and narcotic odour which occasions headache and stupor

§ Adultery

|| A species of nightshade It was believed to have the power of producing madness

¶ The meaning seems to be inverted in this line

** The medicinal virtues of many plants were supposed to be indicated by their forms and marks Wood sorrel was used as a cordial because its leaf is shaped like a heart, liverwort for disorders of the

With figures, ground on panes of glass,^a
 Make people on their heads to pass,
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece, †
 To draw in fools, whose natural itches
 Incline perpetually to witches,
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears,
 With less delinquents have been scourged,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forged,
 Which others for ciavats have woin
 About their necks,‡ and took a turn'—

'I pitied the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And held my drubbing of his bones
 Too great an honour for poltroons,
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From party and unequal foes,§
 Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civillest addresses

liver, the yellow juice of the celandine for the jaundice, and the herb-dragon to counteract the effects of poison because its stem was speckled like a serpent.—Note on Dr Grey's *Hudibras*

* The camera obscura and other inventions of a similar kind, were regarded with great wonder in Butler's time, and, as Dr Nash observes, passed with the vulgar for enchantments

† The whole of this passage applies with greater force to the age of the Restoration, when jugglers and conjurers came into extraordinary request, than to that of the Civil Wars, or the Commonwealth. Slight of hand tricks, such as that indicated in this couplet, by which a single piece of money was apparently multiplied *ad infinitum*, were much encouraged by the nobility, who frequently hired show-men and professors of magic to entertain their guests. Evelyn speaks of the surprising feats of a fellow who swallowed a knife and large pebble-stones at the house of Lady Sunderland, a distinguished patroness of such performances

‡ The petty delinquents who were sent to the houses of correction, where they beat hemp with which greater criminals were afterwards hanged

§ It was a rule of knight-errantry never to resent the insults of low or inferior people. Don Quixote instructs Sancho to draw his sword and lay on in such cases, declaiming that it would be beneath his own dignity to avenge th himself

Their horses never give a blow,
But when they make a leg and bow
I therefore spared his flesh, and pressed him
About the witch, with many a quest'on
Quoth he,—For many years he d'ove
A kind of brooking-tiade in love,
Employed in all th' intrigues and t'rust,
Of feeble speculative lust,
Procured to th' extravagancy
And crazy ribaldry of fancy,
By those the devil had forsook,
As things below him, to provoke,
But being a virtuoso, able
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his talent most adroit,
For any mystical exploit,
As others of his tribe had done,
And raised their prices th'ree to one,
For one predicting pimp has th' odds
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds
But as an elf, the devil's valèt,
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his business best,
In hell are used the ruggedest,
Before so meritng a person
Could get a giant, but in reversion,
He served two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I th' mystery of a lady-monger
For, as some write, a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loosed,
Becomes a puisney-imp itself,
And is another witch's elf,
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargained beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertained
Since which he 'as played a thousand feats,
And practised all mechanic cheats,

Transformed himself to th' ugly shapes
 Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,
 Which he has varied more than witches,
 Or Pharaoh's wizards could then switches,^x
 And all with whom he 'as had to do,
 Turned to as monstrous figures too,
 Witness myself, whom he 'as abused,
 And to this beastly shape reduced,
 By feeding me on beans and peas
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for deserts,
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candied provender
 Beside'—but as h' was running on,
 To tell what other feats h' had done,
 The lady stopped his full career,
 And told him, now 'twas time to hear
 'If half those things' said she, 'be true,'—
 'They 'ie all,' quoth he, 'I swear by you'
 'Why then,' said she, 'that Sidiophel
 Has damned himself to th' pit of hell,
 Who, mounted on a bloom, the nag
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour, I m sure, at most,
 Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contraiy another way,
 Vowed that you came to him, to know
 If you should carry me or no,
 And would have hired him and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps,
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal, like Proserpine, your bride,[†]

* Exodus vii

† — Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a flurer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered MILTON

But he, disdaining to embracie
 So filthy a design, and base,
 You fell to vapouring and huffing,
 And drew upon him like a ruffian,
 Surprised him meanly, unprepared,
 Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desperate wound,
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanique louse,^x
 And all his new-found old inventions,
 With flat felonious intentions,
 Which he could bring out, where he had,
 And what he bought 'em for, and paid
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,[†]
 He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artist of the trade,
 Which, he could prove it, since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost,
 And altogether, might amount
 To many hundreds on account,
 For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
 To seize the malefactors eirant,
 Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail,

* The superstition of talismans is this, that in order to free any place from vermin, or noxious animals of any kind, the figure of the animal is made of a consecrated metal in a planetary hour, and this is called the talisman — WARBURTON. The joke in the text is two-fold,—that Sidrophel resorted to the use of a talisman as a protection against vermin while the particular kind of plague to which he was subject is announced in the form he adopted. Butler elsewhere alludes to this species of charm —

Each in a tattered talisman,
 Like vermin in effigy slain — P. III. c. 2

† Morpion—punaise, Fr. The three varieties of which the talisman was formed betray still more plainly the condition of Sidrophel's house and person

And did not doubt to bring the wretches
 To serve for pendulums to watches,*
 Which, modern virtuosi say,
 Incline to hanging every way
 Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
 That ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover
 If you were fled to Rye or Dover,
 And found it clear, that, to betray
 Yourselves and me, you fled this way,
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout
 He vowed he had intelligence
 Of all that passed before and since,
 And found, that ere you came to him,
 Y' had been engaging life and limb
 About a case of tender conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own sense,
 Till Ralph, by his light and grace,
 Had cleared all scruples in the case,
 And proved that you might swear and own
 Whatever s by the wicked done,
 For which, most basely to requite
 The service of his gifts and light,

* The invention of the regulating or balance spring of a watch by which its motion is made as equable as by a pendulum, is ascribed to Dr Robert Hooke one of the prominent members of the Royal Society, to whom allusion has already been made—See *ante* p 23 note ‡ The construction of spring, or pocket watches, belongs to a period just preceding the Restoration, and the earliest that has been traced is a double balance watch, presented to Charles II, bearing the name of Robert Hooke as the inventor, with the date of 1658, and that of T Thompson as the maker, 1675. The honour of the invention has been claimed also on behalf of Huyghen, who took out a patent for watches with the spring and balance in France. It appears tolerably certain however, that Huyghens was a few years later than Hooke, and it may be reasonably inferred that he derived the idea in the first instance, from him. Huyghens afterwards constructed several other kinds of watches, and amongst them some which he called pendulum watches to which Butler seems to make a direct allusion in the text. Huyghens designs were exciting much attention in England about the time, 1673, when the 1st Part of *Hudibras* was published.

You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of yours,
 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring outdated,
 For which, between you both, thefeat
 Has never been performed as yet'

While thus the lady talked, the knight
 Turned th' outside of his eyes to white,*
 As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon t,
 He wondered how she came to know
 What he had done, and meant to do,
 Held up his affidavit-hand,†
 As if he 'ad been to be arraigned,
 Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
 In dread of Sidi ophel, and spoke

' Madam, if but one word be true
 Of all the wizard has told you,
 Or but one single circumstance
 In all th' apocryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
 This vessel, that is all your own,
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover
 These relics of your constant lover'

' You have provided well,' quoth she,
 ' I thank you, for yourself and me,
 And shown your presbyterian wits
 Jump punctual with the jesuits,
 A most compendious way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the woild, the devil,

* Turning up the whites of the eyes a constant practice amongst the Puritans, is called by Dr Edhard, showing the heavenly part of the eye

Her eyes she disciplined precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white
 FENTON — *Epistle to Southerne*

† The right hand, which the Covenanters held up on taking an oath, as a substitute for kissing the book, which they considered a popish ceremony

And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose'

'Why then,' quoth he, 'may hell surprise,'—
'That trick,' said she, 'will not pass twice
I've learned how far I'm to believe
You pinning oaths upon your sleeve,
But there's a better way of clearing
What you would prove, than downright swearing,
For if you have performed the feat,
The blows are visible as yet,
Enough to serve for satisfaction
Of nicest scruples in the action,
And if you can produce those knobs,
Although they're but the witch's knobs,
I'll pass them all upon account,
As if your natural self had done 't,
Provided that they pass th' opinion
Of able juries of old women,
Who, used to judge all matter of facts
For bellies, may do so for backs

'Madam,' quoth he, 'you love's a million,
To do is less than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my power,
T' obey what you command, and more,
But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did
You know I ought to have a care,
To keep my wounds from taking air,
For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part'

'I find,' quoth she, 'my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battles,
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end

* The jury of matrons is again alluded to in a subsequent passage
in this canto —

Who, therefore, in a strait may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly

But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

'Your plighted faith,' quoth he, 'and word
You passed in heaven, on record,
Where all contracts to have and hold,
Are everlasting enroled,
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.'

Quoth she, 'There are no bargains driven,
Nor marriages clapped up, in heaven,*
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heaven in marriages.—
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease,
Then business there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve,
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide
To be against its nature tied,
For where tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined,
And like the soul, its harbouer,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away †
And therefore never can comply
T' endue the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Wherc th' one is but the other's bail,
Like Roman gaoleis, when they slept,
Chained to the prisoners they kept ‡

* Mark xii. 25

† Love wil nouht ben constreyned by maistre
Whan maistre commeth, the god of love anon
Beteth his wings, and fare wel, he is gon

CN TUCER — *Frankeleynes Tale*

Love free as air at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies

POPE — *Eloise and Abelard*

‡ The custom among the Romans was the same as among modern

Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
 Gives best security to suffer
 Marriage is but a beast, some say,
 That carries double in foul way,
 And therefore 'tis not to b' admired
 It should so suddenly be tired,
 A bargain at a venture made,
 Between two partners in a trade,
 For what's inferred by t' have and t' hold,
 But something past away, and sold?
 That, as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low,
 And at the best is but a mairt
 Between the one and th' other part,
 That on the marriage-day is paid,
 Or houe of death, the bet is laid, †
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of puise
 For when upon them ungot hem
 Th' entail themselves, and all that s theirs,
 What blinder bargun e'er was driven,
 Or wager laid at six and seven?
 To pass themselves away, and tairn
 Their children's tenents ere they're born?
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot,
 Or ever shall, perhaps by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' implicit‡ generation,
 And general club of all the nation,

constables Modus est ut is qui in novi eset, catenam miseri dextre
 alligatam habebet qua uidem multis similitudinibus vincit.—N

* An equivocation. The words to have and to hold, in the marriage ceremony, signify 'I take to possess and keep in deeds of conveyance then meaning i., 'I give to be possessed and kept by another.—N

† Some editions read the bet is laid

‡ Infolded, complicated —

—— In his woolly fleece

I cling implicit

POPE

For which she's fortified no less
 Than all the island with four seas *
 Enacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power,
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemned to drudgery and tilling,
 While all he does upon the by,
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large †
 Such hideous sorts were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent,
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play, by the laws o' th' land,
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckled
 A law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,‡
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality,
 Admits no power of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration,
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse
 Of judgment past, for better or worse,
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges,

* By the common law a child was legitimate if the husband were within the jurisdiction of the four seas, unless it could be shown by evidence that personal intercourse was impossible.

† That is, that the husband is bound under all circumstances to maintain the credit of his wife, a situation as degrading as that of the ancient tenure of villainage, by which the tenants were bound to render the most abject services to their lords, while the wife on the other hand, is in no respect responsible for the conduct or support of her husband.

‡ For the immediate purpose of the satire, Butler humorously converts John a-Nokes into a woman.

Who, when they're grieved, can make dead horses
 Then spiritual judges of divorces,^{*}
 While nothing else but *rem in re*
 Can set the proudest wretches free,
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring
 As spideis never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,
 So men are by themselves employed,
 To quit the freedom they enjoyed,
 And run them necks into a noose,
 They'd break 'em after to break loose
 As some, whom death would not depart,
 Have done thefeat themselves by art †
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
 In flaming curtains, to the dead,
 And men often dangled for t,
 And yet will never leave the sport
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use,
 To gain th' advantage of the set ‡
 And lurch the amorous look and cheit,
 For as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish and fowl §
 And has a smack of every one,
 So love does, and has ever done,
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond

* The gypsies, it is said, are satisfied of the validity of such decisions —N

† Alluding to the several reviews of the Common Prayer before the last, where it stood till death us deput, and then altered 'till death us do part —G

‡ Game —

— We will in France play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard

Henry R 1 2

§ It is said of Pythagoras that he could remember all the transmigrations through which his soul had passed, in the animal and vegetable worlds

'Tis but an ague that's reversed
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much
 As iron in Greenland does the touch, *
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire,
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover †
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And primed and cocked by Miss, or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while
 They're in the very act, recoil
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a separate maintenance,
 And widows, who have tried one lover,
 Trust not again till they 'ave made over, ‡
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them
 Whence wittiest ladies always choose
 To undertake the heaviest goose
 For now the world is grown so wary
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick, t' amours,
 The cross and pile for better or worse, §
 A mode that is held honourable
 As well as French, and fashionable,

* Alluding to the well known effects of touching metal with the hands in extremely cold climates, by which the skin is seared and torn off.

† As glass in the process of vitrification becomes hard so the lover melted in the furnace of desire, becomes cold and indifferent when the heat of fancy is over.

‡ Made over their property in trust to a third person, for their sole and separate use — N.

§ See ante, p 57, note *

For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body two unite
 To make up one hermaphrodite,
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling *
 They've more punctilios and capuches
 Between the petticoat and breeches,
 More petulant extravagances,
 Than poets make 'em in romances,
 Though when their heroes spouse the dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames,
 For then their late attracts decline,
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
 And all then caterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous piques,
 Which th' ancients wisely signified
 By th' yellow mantos of the bride †
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam ‡ of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches prove
 But all the mischief is, the doubt
 On whose account they first broke out,
 For though Chineses go to bed,
 And lie-in in their ladies' stead,§

* In Philip and Mary shilling, (one of which I have by me, coined in the year 1555) the faces are placed opposite to each other, and pretty close — G. Cleveland makes a similar application of this coin in the closing couplet of his verses on an hermaphrodite —

Thus did nature's mintage vary,
 Coining thee a Philip and Mary

† Roman brides wore the yellow suit called *flammeum*

‡ Or *grincomes* — the *lues venerea*. It appears to have been a cant term

§ The early annotator has the following note on this passage ‘The Chinese men of quality when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.’ This curious custom is not confined to China. Dr Nash quotes earlier examples from Apollonius Rhodius and Vale-

And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nursed and pampered to do more
 Our green-men* do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap,
 Both lay the child to one another,
 But who's the father, who the mother,
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes,
 Or who imported the French goods
 But health and sickness being all one,
 Which both engaged before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship,† only when they're sound,
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares,
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit and art
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces,
 Wear under wizard-masks‡ their talents
 And mother-wits before their gallants,
 Until they're hampered in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose,

rus Flaccus and it is said to have prevailed also in the Brazils, where say Purchas, 'women in travail are delivered without great difficulty, and presently go about their household business, the husband in her stead keepeth his bed, is visited by his neighbours, hath his broths made him and junkets sent to comfort him.'

* Greenhorns—youths

† In reference to the words spoken by the bridegroom in the Office of Matrimony

‡ The application of this satire upon marriage to the profligate days of the Restoration is determined by the allusion to the wizard-masks, which were worn as a distinctive sign by certain ladies who chiefly frequented the galleries of the theatres. Thus Dryden —

But stay—methinks some wizard mask I see
 Cast out her lurk from the mid gallery

Epilogue on the Union of the two Companies, 1686

When all the flaws they strove to hide
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilesses,
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government from th' easy owner,
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave,
 Find all his having and his holding,
 Reduced t' eternal noise and scolding,
 The conjugal petard,[†] that tears
 Down all portcullises of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leatherne shields too strong,
 When only armed with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males,
 Transform 'em into rams and goats
 Like sirens,[‡] with their charming notes,
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife,
 Both buried, like themselves, alive^{'‡}

* An old engine of war made in the form of a high-crowned hat, and chiefly used to break down gates, draw-bridges, barricades, &c the noise of a scolding wife, breaking down the portcullis of the ears, is here compared to the explosion of a petard.

† The Sirens are thus described in a note by the early annotator 'The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea monsters, half women and half fish, their names were Paithenope, Ligea, and Leucosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transformed them into some sort of brute animals.'

‡ Ancient botanists entertained various conceits about this plant, in its foiled roots they discovered the shapes of men and women and the sound which proceeded from its strong fibres when strained or torn from the ground, they took for the voice of a human being sometimes they imagined that they had distinctly heard their conversation. The poet takes the liberty of enlarging on these hints, and represents the mandrake husband and wife quarrelling underground a situation, he says, not more uncomfortable than that of a married pair continually at variance, since these, if not in fact, were virtually buried alive.—N

Quoth he, ' These reasons are but stains
 Of wanton, over-heated brains,
 Which illiers in their wit or drunk
 Do rather wheedle with, than think
 Man was not man in paradise,
 Until he was created twice,
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carved from th' original, his side,
 To amend his natural defects,
 And perfect his recruited sex, *
 Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other cares,
 As by his dried-up paps appears
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,†
 Is of two equal parts compact,
 In shape and symmetry exact,
 Of which the left and female side
 Is to the manly right a bride,
 Both joined together with such art,
 That nothing else but death can part ‡

* Cleveland in the piece previously quoted (see *ante* p. 89 note *), has some lines which Butler appears to have imitated in the above passage. Cleveland argues, like the knight, that matrimony is essential to the completeness of man's existence. Adam originally in Paradise engrossed both the sexes and after Eve was carved from his side, he resorted to marriage to repair his loss.—

Adam til his rib was lost
 He id both the sexes thus engrossed
 When Providence our sire did cleave,
 And out of Adam carved Eve
 Then did man bout wedlock treat,
 To make his body up complete

† Strictly, from its derivation, anagram means a transposition of the letters of a word by which a new meaning is extracted from it—as in Dr Burney's well known anagram of Horatio Nelson—Honor est a Nilo. The figurative sense in which it is employed by Butler supposes the world transposed into the form of man.

This notion is probably founded on that theory in the *Symposium* of Plato, which divides the species into monities, that are supposed to

Those heavenly attracts of yours, your eyes,
 And face, that all the world surprise,
 That dazzle all that look upon ye,
 And scorch all other ladies tawny,
 Those ravishing and charming graces,
 Are all made up of two half faces
 That, in a mathematic line,
 Like those in other heavens join,
 Of which, if either grew alone,
 'Twould fright as much to look upon
 And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
 Without the other's fellowship
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears,
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,
 To wait upon the soul designed
 But those that serve the body alone,
 Are single and confined to one
 The world is but two parts, that meet
 And close at th' equinoctial fit,
 And so are all the works of nature,
 Stamped with her signature on matter,
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive
 All which sufficiently declare
 How entirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses,
 In all the wonders she produces,
 And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceived, nor err
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife?

Roam the earth seeking each other, from an instinctive desire for reunion, an allegory typical of the origin of love. Moore makes a happy use of this notion in speaking of ballad music before it is wedded to poetry. 'A pretty air without words resembles one of those half creatures of Pluto, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world — *National Airs*'

* That is, that the sexual law pervades the whole of nature

That lie, like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake,
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry,
 So universal, all mankind
 In nothing else is of one mind
 For in what stupid age or nation,
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,*
 Or cloistered friars and vestal nuns,
 Or stoics, who, to ban the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Piepostiously would have all women
 Turned up to all the world in common,†
 Though men should find such mortal feuds
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supplied with now by wives,
 Until they graze and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths,
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns
 For what can we pretend t' inheir,
 Unless the marriage deed will bear it?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents,
 But for our parents' settlements,
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarred it all, but for our birth
 What honours, or estates of peers,
 Could be preserved but by their heirs?
 And what security maintains
 Their right and title, but the banns?
 What crowns could be hereditary,
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,

* The Amazons although they suffered no man to live amongst them, held periodical intercourse with men

† This was one of the doctrines of Zeno the founder of the Stoicks, which, in common with some other tenets, he derived from Plato

And with their consorts consummate
 Then weightiest interests of state?
 For all the amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war
 Or what but marriage has a charm,
 The rage of empires to disarm?
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace,
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage?
 Nor does the genial bed provide
 Less for the interests of the bride,
 Who else had not the least pietence
 To as much as due benevolence,
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies errant unconfined,
 And femme-coverts to all mankind
 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron, and the miss,
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,^{*}
 But for the difference marriage makes
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes †

* Some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets—Note in early Edition It is alluded to by Gay—‘you know, sir you sent him as far as Hocklev-in-the-Hole for three of the ladies, for one in Vinegar-yard, and for the rest of them somewhere about Lewkner's lane—*Beggar's Opera* Lewkner's-lane now Charles-street, Drury-lane, maintains its old character to the present day

† Waiburton thinks that this means the stews, and is intended as an allusion to the old romance of *Sir Lancelot and the Lady of the Lake*. Dr Nish suggests that we may perhaps look for these ladies elsewhere, in the luggins of Venice, certun streets in Westminster or Lambeth marsh, Bankside, &c., a solution which still leaves unexplained the term *lakes*. A more satisfactory solution may be found in the original meaning of the word *lale*, to play, from the Saxon *lalian*. Hence, *lakin*, a play-thing, and *laker*, a player, or actor. The following passages from *Piers Ploughman* supply exact illustrations—

And if hym luste for to *layle*

A loveliche *lak* wiſ hit nevere by twvne a long and a short

A lady of the lake is, therefore, obviously, a lady of the play—a

Besides the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth,
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield,
 But rather than not go before,
 Abandon heaven at the door *
 And if th' indulgent law allows
 A greater freedom to the spouse,
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life,
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful nature,
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of,
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly,†
 And make it save her the same way,
 It seldom misses to betray,
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the liturgy indenture ‡
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best,
 That is no more than every lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer,
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather, sometimes, serves t' improve

lady of pleasure, and is properly contrasted by Butler with married ladies

* That is, that marriage yields to ladies those rights of social position and personal precedence which they are so vain of, and which, rather than not have them duly recognised they would stop short even at the door of the church. Thus the Wife of Bath would allow nobody to precede her, when the congregation went up to the altar in succession at the offing on relic-Sunday —

In al the parche wyp he was ther noon
 That to the offyng byforn hire schulde goon,
 And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche
 That sche was thanne out of alle charite

† Allowed to women *enceinte* —See *ante*, p. 83, note *

‡ Alluding to the ordinance enjoining a form by which persons, dispensing with the Liturgy, were married before a Justice of the peace

For as, in running, every pace
 Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do then uttermost
 To get before, and win the post,
 Yet when they're at their races' ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends,
 And, to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease,
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of love,
 When those who're always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy
 Nor are their loudest clamours more
 Than as they're relished, sweet or sour,
 Like music, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood
 In all amours a lover burns
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns,
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen,
 As charming looks, surprised and stolen,
 Then why should moie bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enuenou'd
 For discords make the sweetest ans,
 And curses are a kind of prayers,
 Two slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gained
 For nothing else has power to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual,
 An act and deed that makes one heart
 Become another's counter-part,
 And passes fines on faith and love,†
 Inrolled and registered above,

* Amantium irae amoris integratio est —TER —And in 3

† Makes them invocable, as passing a fine in law secures the title
 in a conveyance or settlement —Note on GREY'S *Hudibras*

To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose
 And what security's too strong
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has,
 And, like an anchorite, gives over
 This world, for the heaven of a lover?

'I grant,' quoth she, 'there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true,
 But millions whom the same does sentence
 To heaven, b' another way, repentance
 Love's arrows are but shot at lovers,
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers,
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than gamesters when they play a set,
 With greatest cunning, at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embraced,
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves![†]
 And if they use their persons so,
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstacies and flames
 For when the money's on the book,[†]
 And 'all my worldly goods'—but spoke,
 The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession,

* Alluding to the pranks of fairies in changing children at nurse.

† The wedding fees, according to the injunctions of the Rubric, should be laid on the book with the wedding ring.

To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam that's superseded,
 To that then faith is still made good,
 And all the oaths to us they vowed,
 For when we once resign our powers,
 We have nothing left we can call ours
 Our money's now become the miss
 Of all your lives and services,
 And we forsaken and postponed,
 But bawds to what before we owned,
 Which as it made you at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turned out of doors
 As we had been, for new amours
 For what did ever helles yet,
 By being born to lordships get?
 When the more lady she's of manors,
 She's but exposed to more trepanners
 Pays for them projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the devil does witches,
 Who takes it for a special grace
 To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the times expired, the diazels[†]
 For ever may become his vassals
 So she, bewitched by looks and spirits,
 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits,
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds,
 Until they force her to convey
 And steal the thief himself away

[†] The meaning is, that, being trepanned into marriage by a fortune-hunter, her wealth may be said to ensure her destruction

[†] Sometimes called *dread dozzle*—a diabolical, diabolic tail, dirty slattern —

These are the everlasting fruits
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your amorous fancies,
 To portions and inheritances,
 Your love-sick rapture for fruition
 Of downy, jointure, and tuition,
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too, for the mother's sake
 For these you play at purposes,
 And love your loves with As and Bs,
 For these, at Beast and Ombre woo,
 And play for love and money too,
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At night gallanting of a fan,
 And who the most genteelly bied
 At sucking of a wizard-bead,†
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question and command new garters,‡
 And solidly discourse upon
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con*

* Allusions to fashionable games much in vogue in the time of Charles II. Angel-beast and ombre were games at cards, the latter of which is familiar to all readers of *The Rape of the Lock*. Waller has a poem *On a Card torn at Ombre by a Lady*. A note by the last editor of Grey's *Hudibras*, states that ombre was introduced into England by Catherine of Braganza, Queen of Charles II., but it appears from a tract published in 1660 to have been known before the Restoration. 'I love my love with an A' was one of the favourite *delasserments* at Whitehall. Pepys tells us that he once found the Duke and Duchess of York, with all the great ladies at Whitehill 'sitting upon a carpet upon the ground there being no chair, playing at 'I love my love with an A because he is so and so and I hate him with an A, because of this and that,' and some of them particularly the Duchess herself, and my Lady Castlemaine, were very witty.'

† A bead was sometimes fixed to the inside of the mask, and held in the mouth to keep the mask on, when the lady's hands were otherwise engaged.

‡ At the game of questions and commands and other similar games of forfeits, no part of a lady's garniture was exempt from the penalty, and the gallantry of these days frequently levied its fines on such articles as garters.

For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made,
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day,
 And no way possible to do't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cullied past amours,
 Act o'er your flames and darts again,
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,
 Which other's influences long since
 Have charmed your noses with, and shins,
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid
 Loud! what an amorous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages enchant!
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from executions save!
 What charms, that can reverse extent,
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts, and graces,
 That can redeem from *sive facias**
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge!
 These are the highest excellences
 Of all your true or false pretences,
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and puisy by retail
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn,

* In these lines, Butler displays with humorous effect his intimate knowledge of law-terms. Extent is a sheriff's writ for the valuation of land, exigent a writ commanding a personal appearance where the defendant cannot be found or attaching something whereby he may be distrained, and the *sive facias* is a writ to show cause why judgment should not be executed.

Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire,
 And, like a candle in the socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket'

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder,*
 The blows grew louder still and louder,
 Which Hudibras as if th' had been
 Bestowed as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic flight,
 To be the wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turned pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt
 For men will tremble, and turn paler,
 With too much, or too little valour
 His heart laid on, as if it tried
 To force a passage through his side,
 Impatient, as he vowed, to wait 'em,
 But in a fury to fly at 'em,
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out
 But she, who saw in what a taking
 The knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cried, 'Courage, sir knight,
 Know I'm resolved to break no rite
 Of hospitality t' a stranger,
 But, to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand sentinel,
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidiophel
 Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
 Upon the desp'latest attacks'

* Haste, bustle, violence

At this the knight grew resolute
 As Ironside, or Haidknute,*
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cried aloud, to sally,
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way,
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 Or fortified behind a door,
 That, if the enemy should enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure

Mean while they knocked against the door,
 As fierce as at the gate before,
 Which made the renegado knight
 Relapse again t' his former flight
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' enemy had forced his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The lady for a flesh reserve
 His duty was not to dispute,
 But what sh' had ordered execute,
 Which he resolved in haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly marched away,
 And all h' encountered fell upon,
 Though in the dark, and all alone,
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dared in arms,
 Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard, and face,
 This he courageously invaded
 And, having entered, barricadoed,
 Ensconced himself as formidable
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes
 Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
 To guard his desperate avenue,

* Princes of the eleventh century, celebrated for their valour

Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarmed,
 He fancied th' enemy had storm'd,
 And, after entering, Sidiophel
 Was fallen upon the guards pell-mell
 He therefore sent out all his senses *
 To bring him in intelligences,
 Which vulgaris, out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a trance,
 But those that trade in geomancy, †
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy ,
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal ‡
 Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ,
 And as another of the same
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engaged,
 And war with equal conduct waged,
 By venturing only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a general of the cavaleis
 Was dragg'd through a window by the ears, §

* That is, he swooned

† A species of sorcery by means of figures and lines traced in marks and chinks in the earth

‡ The Laplanders early enjoyed a high reputation for their skill in magic , and it is related of them that they often fell into trances, during which they made predictions

§ There are two or three versions of the incident to which this refers At the siege of Pictor Castle, in Pembroke shire Sir Richard Philips (who married a daughter of Sir Erasmus Dryden the kin-man of the poet), was summoned to a parley by the Cavaliers, commanded by Colonel Randolph Egerton Philips, being a little man mounted upon a bench to show himself at one of the windows Egerton a man of lofty stature sitting on his horse underneath During their conference, Egerton affecting to be desir'd him to lean out a little more when he seized him and drugg'd him through the window, soon after which the castle surrendered A writer in the Gentleman Magazine (vol ii p 172) calls the governor of the castle Sir Erasmus Philips,

So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
And by the other end pulled out

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
As if they scorned to trade or barter,
By giving, or by taking quarter,
They stoutly on his quarteis laid,
Until his scouts came in t' his aid ^
For when a man is past his sense,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
Or laying on of heavy blows,
And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed +

No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy elf
Clapped in a trice his cloven hoof,
And thus attacked him with reproach

'Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy evil genius,
Who for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethen's privilege, against
The wicked, on themselves, the saints,

which is certainly a mistake, and says that Egerton ascended a ladder to hold the conference Fenton [*History of Pembrokehire*] says that the castle was garrisoned by Sir Richard for the king and gives a different account of the transaction According to his statement the nursery, situated in the lower story of one of the bastions had a small window in it, at which the maid was standing with Sir Lismus then an infant in her arms, when a trooper of the parliament forces approached with a letter which she opened the window to receive the trooper taking advantage of the movement rush'd himself in his stirrups as she stretched forward, and snatching the infant from her arms, threatened to put it to death if the castle was not surrendered The child was saved by the capitulation of the garrison Randolph Egerton mentioned in the first of these versions of the story, was buried in Westminster Abbey

* That is, till he recovered his senses

+ An allusion, says the early annotator, to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c

Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
 For just revenge and punishment,
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open, free confession,
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones
 What made thee venture to betray,
 And filch the lady's heart away,
 To spirit her to matrimony?—

‘That which contracts all matches, money
 It was the enchantment of her riches,
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches,
 That in return would pay th' expense,
 The wear and tear of conscience,
 Which I could have patched up, and turned,
 For th' hundredth part of what I earned’

‘Didst thou not love her then? Speak true’
 ‘No more,’ quoth he, ‘than I love you’

‘How wouldst th' have used her and her money?’
 ‘First turned her up to alimony,*
 And laid her dowry out in law,
 To null her jointure with a flaw,
 Which I beforehand had agreed
 T' have put, on purpose, in the deed,
 And bai her widow's-making-over
 T' a friend in trust, or private lover’

‘What made thee pick and chuse her out
 T' employ their sorceries about?’

‘That which makes gamesters play with those
 Who have least wit, and most to lose’

‘But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
 As thou hast damned thyself to us?’

* He hardly means that he would have given her a separate allowance for her support. Stately's usage of his wife alluded to by Dr Grey may throw some light upon the knight's expression. Having been reprimanded by Queen Elizabeth for treating his wife so ill, Stately told her Majesty that 'he had already turned her into her petticoat, and if any man could make more of her, they might take her for him.'

'I see you take me for an ass
 'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
 Upon a woman, well enough,
 As 't has been often found by proof,
 Whose humours we not to be won
 But when they are imposed upon,
 For love approves of all they do
 That stand for candidates, and woo '

'Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
 Of bears and witches in disguise?'

'That is no more than autho're give
 The rabble credit to believe,
 A trick of following the leaders,
 To entertain their gentle readers
 And we have now no other way
 Of passing all we do or say,
 Which, when 'tis natural and true,
 Will be believed b' a very few,
 Beside the danger of offence,
 The fatal enemy of sense'

'Why didst thou chuse that cursed sin
 Hypocrisy, to set up in?'

'Because it is the thriving'st calling,
 The only saints-bell that rings all in,
 In which all churches are concerned,
 And is the easiest to be learned
 For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy it
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble,
 But by the laws impowered to rout,
 And awe the greatest that stand out,
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near ,

* The small bell rung before the minister begins the service to call to prayers and other offices 'Her tongue is the clapper of the devil's saints bell, that rings all into confusion —*Character of a Scold* 1678

For no sin else among the saints,
Is taught so tendeily against'

'What made thee break thy plighted vows?'
'That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor'

Quoth he, 'I see you have more tricks
Than all our doting politics,
That are grown old, and out of fashion,
Compared with your new reformation,
That we must come to school to you,
To learn your more refined and new'

Quoth he, 'If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourself an errant chouse,
If y' were but at a meeting-house'

'Tis true,' quoth he, 'we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year'

'Truly,' quoth he, 'you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in,
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,
So are you like to be again
Compared with th' angels of us men'

Quoth he 'I am resolved to be
Thy scholar in this mystery,
And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go

'What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?'—'A livelihood'

'What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godliness?'—'Great guns'

* The devils are here looked upon as landlords of the meeting-houses, since the tenants of them were known to be so diabolical and to hold them by no good title but as it was uncertain how long these lawless times would last, the poet makes the devils let them only by the year —N

† A satire upon the numerous pamphlets published in the form of catechisms such as Cheynel's *Prophane Catechism*, Rams' *Soldurs Catechism*, Parler's *Political Catechism*, &c —G

‘What’s tender conscience?’—‘Tis a botch
 That will not bear the gentlest touch,
 But, breaking out, dispatches moie
 Than th’ epidemical st’ plague-sore’

‘What makes y’ incroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others?’—‘To be pud’

‘What’s orthodox and true believing
 Against a conscience?’—‘A good living’

‘What makes rebelling against kings
 A good old cause?’—‘Administruing’

‘What makes all doctrines plain and clear?’
 ‘About two hundred pounds a-yeal’

‘And that which was proved true before,
 Prove false again?’—‘Two hundred moie

‘What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty?’—‘Food and clothes’

‘What laws and freedom, peisecution?’
 ‘Being out of power, and contribution’

‘What makes a churh a den of thieves?’
 ‘A dean and chapter, and white sleeves’

‘And what would serve if those were gone,
 To make it orthodox?’—‘Our own’

‘What makes morality a crime,
 The most notorious of the time,
 Morality, which both the saints
 And wicked too cry out against?’

‘Cause grace and virtue are within
 Prohibited degrees of kin,
 And therefore no true saint allows
 They shall be suffered to espouse
 For saints can need no conscience,
 That with morality dispense
 As virtue’s impious, when ’tis rooted
 In nature only, and not imputed †

* In the plague of 1665, no less than 68,586 persons died in London

† Morality was of no account without grace. It was even considered by some of the saints as a kind of impiety

But why the wicked should do so,^x
We neither know, nor care to do^x

‘What’s liberty of conscience,
I th’ natural and genuine sense?’

‘Tis to restoe, with moie security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity,
And Christian liberty reduce
To th’ elder practice of the Jews,
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.’^t

‘It is enough,’ quoth he, ‘for once,
And has reprieved thy forfeit bones
Nick Machiavel^j had ne’er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick,
But was below the least of these,
That pass i’ th’ wold for holiness’

This sud the furies and the light
In th’ instant vanished out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone, and his own

The queen of night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

^x A satire by implication, upon the vices of the cavalier party

^t It is reported of Judge Jefferys that taking a dislike to a witness who had a long beard he told him ‘that if his conscience was as large as his beard, he had a swinging one,’ to which the countryman replied, ‘My lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all’

^j Nicholas Machiavel, the famous author of *Del Principe*. He was born at Florence in 1469, and early distinguished himself by his dramatic writings. He first acquired notoriety in public life by engaging in a conspiracy against Leo X., and after the death of that prince he entered into another plot to expel the Cardinal de Medici from Florence. He was subsequently raised to the highest honours of the state, held the office of secretary to the republic of Florence and was employed in several important embassies. Notwithstanding the large revenues he derived from these appointments, he died in great poverty in 1527. It is by an allowable licence of broad humour that Butler traces the Satanic *sobriquet* of Old Nick to Machiavel. It was in common use long before his time.

And over moist and crazy brains,
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
 Was now declining to the west,
 To go to bed and take her rest,
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
 Denied his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still expecting worse and more,
 Stretched out at length upon the floor,
 And though he shut his eyes as fast
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards,
 Do make the devil wear for wizards,
 And pricking up his ears, to hark
 If he could hear, too in the dark,
 Was first invaded with a groan,
 And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words ‘Unhappy wretch,
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
 Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
 Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade?†
 By sauntering still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a centaur?
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded clubs?
 For still th' hast had the worst on t yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind,
 Which now thou art denied to keep,
 And cure thy laboured corpse with sleep.’

The knight, who heard the words, explained
 As meant to him this reprimand,

* Having already described the dawn of the morning by the rising of the sun Butler now adopts a new method, and describes it by the setting of the moon.

† This religious Knight errantry thus search after trifling offences, with intent to punish them as crying sins.—N

Because the character did hit
 Point-blank upon his case so fit,
 Believed it was some drolling spight
 That stayed upon the guard that night,
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt
 The drubs he had so freely dealt,
 When, after a short pause and groan,
 The doleful Spirit thus went on,

‘This ’tis t’ engage with dogs and bears
 Pell-mell together by the ears,
 And, after painful bangs and knocks,
 To lie in limbo in the stocks,
 And from the pinnacle of glory
 Fall headlong into purgatory’—
 (Thought he, ‘This devil’s full of malice,
 That on my late disasters I allies’)
 ‘Condemned to whipping, but declined it,
 By being more heroic minded,
 And at a riding handled worse,
 With treats more slovenly and coarse,
 Engaged with fiends in stubborn wars,
 And hot disputes with conjurers,
 And when th’ hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away’
 (‘I see,’ thought he, ‘this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me too from myself,
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffered for and done’)
 ‘And now, but venturing to betray,
 Hast met with vengeance the same way’

Thought he, ‘How does the devil know
 What ’twas that I designed to do?
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles, are ceased long since,
 And he knows nothing of the saints,
 But what some treacherous spy acquaints
 This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper’s friend’s friend,

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second hand,
And now would pass for spirit Po,*
And all men's daik concems foreknow
I think I need not fear him for t,
These rallying devils do no hurt'
With that he roused his drooping heart,
And hastily cried out, 'What art'

'A wretch,' quoth he, 'whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place

'I do believe thee,' quoth the knight,
'Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou hast guessed of me
Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
Condemned to drudgery in the night,
Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes,†

* Tom Po was an expression commonly used for an apparition — *Note on GREY'S Hudibras*. Dr Nash thinks the reference is to Po, or Bo [Bohl], the son of Odin, a formidable Gothic hero whose name was used by his soldiers to produce terror amongst his enemies. Todd traces the etymology to the Dutch *bauw* a spectre. We have a somewhat closer affinity in the Welsh *bwlch* literally hobgoblin.

† One of the old superstitions about fairies was to prepare the house carefully for their reception before going to bed, by sweeping up the hearth brightening the tables and benches and leaving a pail full of clean water for them to bathe in. If the housewife, or housemaid failed in these particulars, the furies pinched her black and blue but, on the contrary if she attended to them, they testified their satisfaction by leaving a gift of money in her shoe. Thus, we are told of Queen Mab —

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches
And with sharper nail remembres
When they take not up the embers
But if so they chance to feast her
In their shoe she drops a tastei

The English Parnassus

— Some poor gal
Was pinched, because she had forgot
To leve clean water in th' pot — Ib
And if the house be foul
Or platter, dish, or bowl,

Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome
 To pinch the slatteins black and blue,
 For leaving you then work to do
 This is your business, good Pug-Robin,^{*}
 And your diversion dull dry bobbing,[†]
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash 'em clean in ditches for't,
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At every jest you laugh aloud,
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I bairied your railleyn'

'Sir,' quoth the Voice, 'y' are no such sophy,[‡]
 As you would have the wold judge of ye

Upsturis we nimblly creep,
 And find the sluts asleep,
 There we pinch their ums and thighs,
 None escape, nor none espies
 But if the house be swept,
 And from uncleanness kept,
 We piuse the household maid,
 And surely she is prud,
 For we do use before we go,
 To drop a tester in her shoe

The English Parnassus

Every night before we go,
 We drop a tester in her shoe

Robin Goodfellow

Bishop Corbet pleasantly laments that household cleanliness is no longer rewarded in the same way —

And, though they sweep their hearths no less
 Ihan maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late for cleanliness
 Finds sixpence in her shoe?

The Fairies' Farewell

* Puck —

• Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Called Robin Goodfellow — *Mid N Dream*, ii. i

† *ob*, a cheat, joke, or jest Dry bobbing—dry joking, dull trickery

‡ An allusion to the title commonly given to the Kings of Persia —
 G This explanation is not very clear Dr Nash's interpretation supplies a more satisfactory meaning 'You are no such wise person or sophister' In this sense the word is used by Cleveland 'Certainly

If you design to weigh our talents
 I th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
 We who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your dubs and basting,
 And never left you in contest
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But proved as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, as your squire

Quoth he, 'That may be said as true
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew,
 For none could have betrayed us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours
 But I have sent him for a token
 To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,*
 To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope
 And if ye've been more just to me,
 As I am apt to think, than he,
 I am afraid it is as true
 What th' ill-affected say of you,
 Y' have 'spoused the covenant and cause
 By holding up your cloven paws'†
 'Sir,' quoth the Voice, "'tis true, I grant,
 We made, and took the covenant,
 But that no more concerns the cause,
 Than other perj'lies do the laws,
 Which, when they're proved in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadilloes‡ for't

it is not in his personal, but, as the State-Sophies distinguish, in his
 politic capacity'—*Character of a London Duurnal*

* *Hoc-ho-moche*—high and great

† The usual form of pledge, or attestation on taking the covenant
 'Holding up their hands,' says South, 'was a sign that they were ready
 to strike.'

‡ The peccadillo—more correctly piccadil, or pickardil—was a kind
 of high stiff collar, or ruff, and is here, in that sense, applied to the
 pillory. The word is supposed to have been derived from *pica*, a

And that's the reason cov'nanters
Hold up their hands, like rogues at bar,'

'I see,' quoth Hudibras, 'from whence
These scandals of the saints commence,
That we but natural effects
Of Satan's malice, and his sects,
Those spider-saints, that hang by threads
Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.'

'Sir, quoth the Voice, 'that may as true
And proprely be said of you,
Whose talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together
For all the independents do,
Is only what you forced 'em to,
You, who are not content alone
With tricks to put the devil down,
But must have armies raised to back
The gospel-work you undertake,
As if artillery and edge-tools,
Were th' only engines to save souls
While he, poor devil, has no power
By force to run down and devour,
Has ne'er a *classis*,* cannot sentence
To stools,† or poundage of repentance,
Is tied up only to design
To entice, and tempt, and undermine
In which you all his arts outdo,
And prove yourselves his betters too
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
Than mere temptations of the devil,

speck head, to which the sharp points of the ruff bore some resemblance. This ruff or collar, came into fashion about the beginning of the reign of James I., and is said, but upon no very certain authority, to have given its name to the street Piccadilly.

* Assembly, or spiritual authority.

† In Scotland called the *creepy*, on which persons were compelled to stand and do penance in the church for their sins. By poundage of repentance is meant commutation of this punishment for a sum of money.

Which all the horrid'st actions done
 Are charged in courts of law upon,
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself,
 And, therefore, where he's best possessed,
 Acts most against his interest,
 Surpasses none but those who've priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supplied with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition,
 With crosses, reliques crucifixes,
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixies
 The tools of working our salvation
 By mere mechanic operation
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues
 But those who're utterly unarmed
 To oppose his entrance, if he stormed,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Although his falsest enemies,
 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands glad to trudge
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls,
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
 To your mittimus anathemas,
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairest justice,
 Than all you covenanting trustees,
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,

* Criminals in their indictments are charged with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil

And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distain on soul and body too'

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil
 State-prudence to cajole the devil,
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof'

'Tis true,' quoth he, 'that intercourse
 Has passed between your friends and ours,
 That, as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounced to hang themselves, or drown,
 Or, flighted with our oratory,
 To leap down headlong many a story,
 Have used all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state,
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murder
 For if the saints are named from blood,
 We only 'ave made that title good,
 And, if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind
 Of all dissenters of mankind'

'Right,' quoth the Voice, 'and, as I scorn
 To be ungrateful in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress,
 And set you down in safety,—where,
 It is no time to tell you here
 The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone,†

* Outlawy

† The notion that evil spirits walk in the night, and vanish at

And if I leave you here till day,
 You'll find it hard to get away,
 With that the Sprit groped about
 To find th' enchanted hole out,
 And tried with haste to lift him up,
 But found his forlorn hope his crup
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Received from hardened-hearted foes
 He thought to diag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels,†
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores,
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weighed
 No sooner was he fit to trudge
 But both made ready to dislodge,

cock crow, the hour immediately preceding the break of day is very ancient. Thus in the hymn of Prudentius a Christian poet of the fourth century —

Thei say the wandring powers that love
 The silent dulness of the night,
 At cock crowing give o'er to love
 And ill in f'u do talc their flight

Translated by LOUKE — *Antiquitates Vulgaris*

Innumerable references to the cock as the herald of the morning occur in the writings of the ancients who assigned an appropriate place to this bird in the Mythology by dedicating it to Apollo.

* An inuendo that in the last extremity, the knight always turned his back on his enemies.

† A cart constructed on this singular principle by a Mr Potter, was submitted to the consideration of the Royal Society in 1664. Butler ironically calls these carts 'Gresham cut' because at that time the Royal Society held their meetings in Gresham College, in Bishop-gate-street formerly the mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham — See Mr WELD'S *History of the Royal Society*. The following specimen of some doggerel verscs written upon the society soon after they established themselves in the college, is extacted by Mr Weld from a MS in the British Museum —

The merchants on the Exchange do plot
 To increase the kingdom's wealthy trade,
 At Gresham College tie nund knot
 Unparalleled designs have I had
 To make them elies a corporation,
 And know all things by demonstration

The Spurit horsed him, like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle his back,
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few iubs against the wall
 Where finding out the postern locked,
 And th' avenues as strongly blocked,
 H' attacked the window, stormed the glass,
 And in a moment gained the pass,
 Through which he dragged the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shouleirs,
 And cautiously began to scout
 To find their fellow-cattle out,
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retrieved the champion's beast,
 Tied to a pale instead of iack,
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle bow,
 Conveyed away the Lord knows how
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night, too, steal away,
 But, in a trice, advanced the knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle, too, was strayed,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leaped up,
 And, turning to the gate the rein,
 He kicked and cudgelled on amain,
 While Hudibras, with equal haste,
 On both sides laid about as fast,
 And spurned, as jockies use, to break,
 Oi paddeis* to secure, a neck
 Where let us leave em for a time,
 And to then churches turn our rhyme,
 To hold forth then declining state,
 Which now come near an even iate

* Highwaymen *Paad*, Saxon path hence pad, a robber who infests the road on foot, generally called a foot pad

PART III — CANTO II *

T ARGUMENT

The saints engage in fierce contests
 About their carnal interests,
 To share their sacrilegious prey
 According to their rights of grace
 Their various frenzies to reform,
 When Cromwell left them in a storm,
 Till in th effige of Rumps the i uble
 Burn all their grudges of the cabal

THE learned write, an insect bleeze†
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
 That falls before a storm on cows,‡
 And stings the founders of his house,
 From whose corrupted flesh that breed
 Of vermin did at first proceed §

* This canto like the letter to Sidophilus, is wholly unconnected with the story of *Hudibras*, which it suspends at a point of some dramatic interest to introduce a discussion about the state of parties immediately before and after the Restoration. The reader however, may escape the interruption by reserving the perusal of this canto for the close of the poem, an order which is actually adopted by Mr Lownley in his translation of *Hudibras*.

† A genus of flies technically called *Tabanus*. The most remarkable species is the great horse fly, which, being armed with two hooks, is enabled to seize the skin of cattle, while it strikes with its proboscis, and sucks the blood —

A fierce loud buzzing breeze, their stings draw blood,
 And drive the cattle gadding through the wood

DRYDEN — *Georgic* iii

‡ ‘ As we see stinging flies vex and provoke cattle most immediately before storms, so multitudes of those kinds of vermin do always appear to stir up the people, before the beginning of all troublesome times — BUTLER — Character of *The Seditious Man*

§ It is here assumed that the breeze is generated from the putrid flesh of the very animal, it afterwards stings. The early annotator, in a note on this passage, commits an obvious error in his interpretation of Butler's meaning, which leads Dr Nash to express his conviction that the annotations on the Third Part could not have been written by Butler. It is proper to observe that this is not a question of conjectural criticism. The only annotations contributed by Butler were upon the First and Second Parts, when they were re-published together in 1674. The Third Part was published by Butler in 1678,

So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawned a various rout
 Of petulant capricious sects,*
 The maggots of corrupted texts,*
 That first run all religion down,
 And after every swarm its own
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 That were incapable t' enjoy
 That empire any other way †
 So presbyter begot the other
 Upon the good old cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same, †
 And yet no natural tie of blood,
 Nor interest for the common good,
 Could, when then profits interfered,
 Get quarter for each other's beard

without notes. The notes were added to a subsequent edition by an unknown writer after Butler's death. The internal evidence of their authorship by another hand is unmistakable.

* The Independents were accused of having altered a text of Scripture to enable them, under the authority of the persecuted reading to vest the election of pastors in the hands of the people. 'Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we [said to have been] changed by the Independents into us.] may appoint over this business.' —Acts vi. 3. Dr Grey says that Mr Field had this forgery in several editions of his Bible amongst the rest in his beautiful edition of 1659-60, and that he was the first person who printed it, for which he received £1500. This statement however Dr Grey afterwards discovered to be erroneous. The false reading first appeared in the Cambridge edition, printed by Buck and Dindal 1655, so that the assertion, repeated by several writers, that it was introduced by the Independents, is untrue.

† By the term empire is clearly meant, not the Persian empire, to which the description would not apply, but the chief authority amongst the Magi, or priests of the Persians, to whom it does apply. The incestuous intercourse alluded to in the text was adopted to preserve the line of the families of the Magi without intermixture.

‡ Larcher in his notes on Townley's Translation, traces a resemblance in this passage to Milton's allegory of Sin and Death—*Paradise Lost*, ii. 746 et seq.

For when they thrived they never fadged,^{*}
 But only by the ears engaged,
 Like dogs that snail about a lone,
 And play together when they've none,[†]
 As by their truest characters,
 Then constant actions, plainly appears
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder to grow slack,
 The cause and covenant to lessen,
 And prov'dence to be out of season
 For now there was no more to purchase
 O' th' king's revenue, and the church's,
 But all divided, shared, and gone,
 That used to urge the brethren on,
 Which forced the stubborn'st for the cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws [‡]
 That what by breaking them th had gained
 By their support might be maintained,
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,[§]
 Secured against the hue-and cry,
 For presbyterian and independent
 Were now turned plaintiff and defendant,
 Laid out their apostolic functions
 On carnal orders and injunctions

* Agreed, united together *fagen gefagen Sav* —

How will this fadge? — *Twelfth Night*, ii. 2

† The Presbyterians, when they got into power, displayed intolerance to the other sects. The object is to show that the sectaries were united in the struggle for the upper hand but that the moment it was secured the dominant party jealously excluded their former allies.

‡ That is, there being nothing to be gained by breaking the laws, to come forward in their defence. The patriot corrupted by the possession of power maintains, for his own advantage, the laws which he had previously violated in making common cause with the people.

§ He shelters himself under the cover of the law, like a thief in a hemp plot, and makes that secure him which was intended for his destruction — *BUTLER* — Character of *A Knave*. A thief taking sanctuary in a plantation of hemp humorously represents the position of the Presbyterians sheltering themselves under the protection of laws, which ought to have been put into force against them.

And all then precious gifts and graces
 On outlawries and *scire facias*,
 At Michael's term had many trial,
 Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss
 For when, like brethren, and like friends,
 They came to share their dividends,
 And every partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases,
 In which the ablest saint, and best,
 Was named in trust by all the rest,
 To pay their money, and, instead
 Of every brother, pass the deed,
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds, and holy shifts,
 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his outward man and's heirs,
 Held all they claimed as forfeit lands
 Delivered up into his hands,
 And passed upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of providence;
 Impeached the rest for reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attaints
 Degraded from the right of saints
 This being revealed, they now begun
 With law and conscience to fall on,
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick,†

* When the estates of the Church and the Crown were sold in 1649, the arrears due to the army were paid off by allotments of lands and manors, the distribution being made in regiments to trustees named by the soldiers. Out of this arrangement much litigation arose, owing to the frauds which, in many instances, were attempted to be practised by the trustees.

† William Prynne, who was born at Swanswick *Utter, Sax*, literally outer. The utter barrister is he who pleads without the bar, in contradistinction to the benchers who plead within.

Engaged with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old,*
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctified trustees,
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case, received the overthrow,
 Or, both sides having had the woist,
 They parted as they met at first
 Poor presbyter was now reduced,
 Secluded, and cashiered, and choused†
 Turned out, and excommunicate
 From all aftans of church and state
 Reformed t' a reformato saint,‡
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stioll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up, teach down
 And make those uses§ serve again
 Against the new-enlightened men
 As fit as when at first they were
 Revealed against the cavalier,||
 Damn anabaptist and fanatic,
 As pat as popish and pietitic,

* When the combat was demanded in a legal way by knights and gentlemen, it was fought with sword and lance and when by yeomen, with sand bags fastened to the end of a truncheon —WARBLTON
 Thus in *Henry V*, Second Part, the combat between Horner and Peter is fought with sand bags. Enter, on one side, Horner, and his neighbours drinking to him so much that he is drunk, and he enters bearing his staff with a sand bag fastened to it, a drum before him at the other side, Peter, with a drum, and a simlar staff, &c —Act ii sc 2. The custom was ancient. It is alluded to by St Chrysostom in his *Homily viii*

† When Cromwell obtained the ascendancy, he treated the Presbyterians as they had treated the Independents

‡ A voluntary saint, without pay or office

§ The sermons of these times were divided into doctrine and use and in the margin of them is often printed *use the first, use the second, &c* —N

|| That is that the Presbyterians ever endeavoured to preach down the Independents, by the very same doctrines the Presbyterians had used in preaching down the bishops

And, with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation
 The good old cause, which some believe
 To be the devil that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite
 The wold to mischief with new light,
 Had store of money in hei purse,
 When he took hei for better or worse,
 But now was grown deformed and poor,
 And fit to be turned out of door

The independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of reformation,
 A mongrel kind of church-dragoons,*
 That served for horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed
 The Saracen and christian id,
 Were free of every spiritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
 No sooner got the start, to lurch
 Both disciplines of war and church,
 And providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of them down,
 But carried on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' saints,
 And in a while prevailed so far,
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as th' had before
 For now there was no foe in arms
 T' unite their factions with alarms,
 But all reduced and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves at home,

* As the sea and land services were often united in one person, and admirals were selected from the officers of the army, who had never trod the deck of a ship, so it was not unusual for zealous soldiers to assume the functions of the ministry. Cromwell, Ireton, and others, frequently preached in public. Thus Cleveland —

— those kirk-dragoons
 ade up of ears and ruffs, like ducatoons

^{**} — a C. after Sir John Presbyter

Wh' had compassed all they prayed and swore,
 And fought, and preached, and plundered for,
 Subdued the nation, church, and state,
 And all things but their laws and hate,*
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransacked,
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 Religion and the government,
 They met no sooner, but prepared
 To pull down all the wai' had spared,
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish
 For knaves and fools being near of kin,
 As Dutch boors are t' a sootakin,†
 Both parties joined to do then best
 To damn the public interest,
 And heeded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts,
 T' out-cant the Babylonian laboureis,
 At all their dialects of jabberies,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law
 For as two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim,
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public business is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin
 This when the royalists perceived,—‡
 Who to their faith as firmly cleaved,

* That is, the laws of the land, and the hatred of the people —G

† A kind of false birth, fabulously said to be produced by the Dutch women from sitting over their stoves ‘There goes a report of the Holland women that together with their children they are delivered of a sootakin, not unlike to a rat, which some imagine to be the offspring of stoves —CLEVELAND—*Character of a Diurnal Maker*

‡ This eulogy upon the patience and fidelity of the royalists has

And owned the right they had paid down
 So dearly for, the church and crown—
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided
 For though outnumbered, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down,
 Then duty never was defeated,
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated,
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game,
 True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shined upon
 But when these bretheren* in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes, at least, to have a day,
 They rallied in parades of woods,
 And unfrequented solitudes,
 Convened at midnight in outhouses,
 To appoint new-rising rendezvous,
 And, with a pertinacity unmatched,
 For new recruits† of danger watched
 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started,
 And as if nature too, in haste
 To furnish our supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turned destruction
 To a new and numerous production,
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That like the christian futh, increased
 The more, the more they were suppressed,

been justly admired for its beauty ‘Il est cependant certain, says M Larcher ‘qu’ils étoient trop faibles et en trop petit nombre pour faire remonter Charles II sur le trône de ses pères, et que si les Presbytériens ne lui en eussent point aplani le cheval, il n’auoit peut-être jamais été Roi

* The word is lengthened for the metre

† Fresh volunteers ready to incur the danger of sustaining the king’s cause

Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former tried experiments,
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
 To leave off loyalty and dingling,
 Nor death, with all his b n.s, affright
 From venturing to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the crown,
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws
 And proved no prosperous usurpation
 Can ever settle on the nation,
 Until, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loyalty in possession,
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroyed the mighty men of Gath

Tossed in a furious hurricane,
 Did Oliver give up his reign,*
 And was believed, as well by saints
 As mortal + men and miscreants,

* Alluding to the tempest which occasioned considerable damage on the coast, and in several parts of the country, on the day of Cromwell's death. It is noticed by most of the contemporary poets —

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
 The giant prince of all her wat'ry herd
 And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
 Upon his obseques loud sighs conferred
 DRIDEN — *On the Death of Cromwell*

Nature her elf took notice of his death,
 And sighing, swelled the sea with such a breath,
 That, to remotest shores her billows rolled,
 The approaching fate of their gr^ct ruler told

WALLER — *Upon the Death of the Lord Protector*

Nature herself rejoiced at his death,
 And on the waters sung with such a breath,
 As made the sea dance higher than before,
 While her glad waves came dancing to the shore

CLEVELAND — *Answer to the above*

+ Some editions read mortal, which destroys the sense. See ante,
 p 109 note †

To founder in the Stygian fairy,
 Until he was retrieved by Steiry,*
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,
 Mistook the New Jerusalem,
 Profanely for th' apocryphal
 False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall,†
 Whither it was decreed by fate,
 His precious reliques to translate
 So Romulus was seen before
 B' as orthodox a senator ‡
 From whose divine illumination
 He stole the pagan revelation

Next him his son, and heir apparent
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent §
 Who first laid by the parliament,
 The only crutch on which he leant,
 And then sunk underneath the state,
 That rode him above horseman's weight

* Peter Sterry was one of Cromwell's chaplains, and in a sermon he preached at the funeral, he assured the people that the Protector would be of more use to them, now that he was dead, than he had been in his life time because being ascended into heaven at the right hand to Jesus Christ, he would there intercede for them, and be mindful of them on all occasions.

† Abutting upon Westminster Hall there were three ordinaries or taverns, called by the singular names of Heaven Hell, and Purgatory. The illusion in the text is to the disinterment of Cromwell's body after the Restoration, when his head was set up near the tavern called Heaven, at the end of the Hall.

‡ Julius Proculus who made a solemn statement before the senate that Romulus had appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future greatness of the city.

§ Richard Cromwell the eldest son of Cromwell named for the success on by his father and proclaimed Lord Protector by the Privy Council. He reigned long enough to summon a parliament, and resign his authority, which he wanted courage and capacity to enforce. These lines were stolen by the author of a ballad, published afterwards amongst the *Remains* attributed to Butler —

What's worse old Noll is marching off,
 And Dick, his heir apparent,
 Succeds him in the government,
 A very lame vicegerent

Tale of the Cobler and Vicar of Bray

And now the saints began their reign *
 For which th' had yearned so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire all of kings,†
 Deliv'ed from th' Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,
 And free t' elect what spiritual cantons
 Should be revealed, or gospel Hans-Towns ‡
 To edify upon the ruins
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who for a weather-cock hung up
 Upon their mother-church's top §
 Was made a type by Providence,
 Of all their revelations since,
 And now fulfilled by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures
 For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle,
 But found their light and gifts more wide
 From fadging || than th' unsanctified,
 While every individual brother
 Strive hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most cracked,
 Were found the busiest to transact,
 For though most hands dispatch apace,
 And make light work, the proverb says,
 Yet many different intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects,

* A sneer upon the Committee of Safety —G

† Rev. 16, v. 10

‡ That is to form communities in grace similar to the political combinations of the Swiss cantons, and the German Hans-Towns league

§ John Bockhold, the fanatical leader of the Anabaptists, who seized upon the city of Munster and held it during a protracted siege When he fell it into the hands of the besiegers, he is said to have him-self suggested the ignominious punishment afterwards inflicted on him He and two of his associates were hung in iron cages, upon the highest tower in the city

¶ See ante, p 123, note *.

And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs

Some were for setting up a king,
But all the rest for no such thing.
Unless king Jesus * others tampered
For Fleetwood Desborough, and Lambert,†
Some for the rump,‡ and some more crafty,
For agitators,§ and the safety ||

* Alluding to the Fifth-Monarchy men Butler has thus described the character of a member of this sect —‘ His design is to make Christ king, as his forefathers the Jews did, only to abuse and crucify him, that he might share his lands and good, as he did his vice gerents here

He fancies the fifth-monarchy is the quintessence of all governments, abstracted from all matter, and consisting wholly of revelations, visions and mysteries John of Leyden was the first founder of it and though he miscalled, like Romulus in a tempest, his posterity have revelations every full moon that there may be a time to set up his title again, and with better success, though his brethren, that have attempted it since, had no sooner quitced his coat with their own, but their whole outward men were set on the gates of the city where a head and four quarters stand as types and figures of a fifth monarchy —*Character of A Fifth Monarchy man*

† Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert, after the death of the Protector, intrigued against the government of Richard Cromwell, and each had his partisans The former two had been connected with the Protector by marriage, Fleetwood having married his daughter Ireton's widow, and Desborough, his sister, yet, notwithstanding the advantages they might be supposed to have derived from these circumstances, Lambert, a man of greater capacity and energy than either, enjoyed the largest share of popular influence

‡ In May, 1659 the council of officers, with Fleetwood as their president, resolved upon the revival of the Long Parliament, which had been broken up by Cromwell in 1653 Ludlow prepared a list of the surviving members who were accordingly summoned to attend, Ireton being recalled to his office of Speaker The Presbyterians, secluded in 1648, presented themselves to take their places with Prynne at their head, but were refused admittance and when the few remaining privileged members were collected in the House, they were found to be a mere remnant of the old assembly Hence that Parliament acquired the nick-name of the Rump

§ The chiefs of the army having established a general council of officers, the soldiers formed, out of their own body a subordinate council, consisting of deputies chosen from each regiment, which was to act as a sort of House of Commons to the general council of officers These persons were called agitators

|| When the Rump Parliament was broken up by Lambert, within a few months after it had been summoned much in the same manner as the Long Parliament had been broken up by Cromwell the officers

Some for the gospel, and massacres
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human iegence
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance,—
 Yea, though the ablest swearing saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' covenant
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of synods and provincial classes,
 That used to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods,
 Some for fulfilling prophecies *
 And th' extirpation of th' excise,
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage
 Of holy-days, and plying poundage,†
 Some for the cutting down of groves ‡
 And rectifying bakers' loaves,
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slavery of obedience,
 Some were for gospel-ministers,
 And some for redcoat secularis,§
 As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword,
 Some were for carrying on the work
 Against the pope, and some the Tuk,
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camisado of suplices,||

themselves into a provisional council, for the management of public affairs. This council was called a Committee of Safety.

* Warburton thinks this means taking up arms against the Pope. But there is no historical evidence to show that a crusade against the Pope was entertained by any party, although some such notion seems to be alluded to in a subsequent line.

† Alluding to the abolition of festivals, and the poundage levied on property.

‡ The pillared usles of churches and cathedrals were supposed to have been suggested by the ancient groves dedicated to idols in the pagan ages.

§ That is, some were for the maintenance of the regular clergy, and others for that class of preachers previously designated as 'church-dragoons.'

|| When the soldiers, in a night expedition, put their shirts over their armour, in order to be distinguished, [that is, that they might

That gifts and dispensations hindered,
 And turned to th' outward man the inward
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of popery than gospel-light,
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,
 With which th' unsanctified bridegroom
 Is mairied only to a thumb,—
 As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That used to break up ground and dig,—
 The bride to nothing but her will,†
 That nulls the after-marriage still,
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of linsey-woolsey ‡ in the nation,
 And some against all idolising
 The cross in shop-books, or baptising,§

know each other in the dark] it is called a camisade these sectaries were for suppre-sing the episcopal meetings then held secretly, which the author with high humour calls a *camisade* — WABURTON Hence a night attack was called a *camisade*, or *camisado* The word is, literally, a shirt The aversion in which surplices were held has been already noticed

* Thumb is inserted merely to accommodate the rhyme Under the ordinance which instituted muiires before a justice of the peace, ring, were dispensed with Seal-ings were worn in early times on the thumb and Falstaff speaks of an 'alderman's thumb ring — *Henry IV* ii 4 A similar allusion occurs in Glapthorne's Comedy of *Wit in a Constable* 1639

† Waburton supposes that this is a quibble upon the first response the bride makes in the marriage ceremony 'I will' This suggestion greatly diminishes the force of the satire, which may, with more likelihood, be supposed to imply that the bride binds herself in the marriage ceremony to no obligation except her own will, which Butler elsewhere describes as the only faculty of women —

The souls of women are so small,
 That some believe they have none at all,
 Or if they have like criples, still
 Th have but one faculty, the will

Miscellaneous Thoughts

‡ See vol 1 p 163, note *

§ The use of the cross was considered popish and superstitious, and Butler carries the satire so far as to suggest, that the cross with which tradesmen marked off their accounts in their ledgers was a mark of idolatry

Others, to make all things recant
 The christian or surname of saint
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce,^{*}
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,†
 And bringing down the price of coals,‡
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in §
 To abrogate them roots and banches ||
 While others were for eating haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then,
 The flesh of kings and mighty men,
 And some for breaking of their bones
 With rods of iron, by secret ones,¶
 For thrashing mountains, † and with spells
 For hallowing canneis packs and bells,||
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the wicked sore afraid of

* For some years previously to the Restoration the designation of Saint was removed from the names of streets, churches, parishes, and all public foundations.

† Either the purgatory of the Roman Catholic Church or that in intermediate state which some regard as the receptacle of all souls until the day of judgment a doctrine much discussed in Butler's time.

‡ The heavy taxes levied on coals occasioned much complaint amongst all classes of the people and many petitions were presented to parliament protesting against the infliction.

§ That is, some wished to introduce the customs of the Jews.

¶ It is by no means certain that this punctuation is correct Dr Nash substitutes a comma at the end of the line which rather increases the difficulty To make sense of the passage the line must be connected with the preceding sentence and not with that which follows This is done by placing a comma at the end of the previous line, instead of a semi colon, the reading of former editions.

¶ This phrase—Psalm lxxviii ,—occurs in other places —

Shall precious Saint, and secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bonds
 When we are to us agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug saints by the ears

** A sneer upon the court of the Fifth-Monarchy-men, for their misapplication of the text, Isaiah xl 15 — G

¶ Zech xxii 20

The quacks of government, who sate
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion
 Of fatal madness and delusion
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh,
 Considered tunely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law,
 For one encounter at the bar
 Was worse than all th' had scaped in war,
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation,
 Not for the sickly patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take,
 To feel the purses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries,
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover—gain

'Mong these there was a politician,†
 With more heads than a beast in vision,‡
 And more intrigues in every one
 Than all the whores of Babylon,
 So politic, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink,
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 As busy as a child at play

* Alluding to Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury) Hollis, and others, who witnessing the confusion that ensued upon Cromwell's death and foreseeing that the Restoration was inevitable early withdrew from the agitation, and took measures to ensure their personal security

† Lord Shaftesbury whose character is drawn by Dryden in *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *The Medal* and by Lutley amongst his characters under the title of *An Undeserving Favourite*. Yet whatever amount of truth there may be in all the stories upon Shaftesbury, it should not be forgotten that he carried the habeas corpus act through parliament, and brought in the measure by which Judges are rendered independent of the Crown

‡ The beast with seven heads and ten horns in *Revelations*

H' had seen three governments run down,^{*}
 And had a hand in every one,
 Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
 But barbarous when they came to fall
 For by trepanning th' old to ruin,
 He made his interest with the new one,
 Played true and faithful, though against
 His conscience, and was still advanced
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion
 Transformed t' a feeble state-camelion,
 By giving aim from side to side,
 He never failed to save his tide,
 But got the stait of every state,
 And, at a change, ne'er came too late,
 Could turn his word, and oath, and faith,
 As many ways as in a lathe,
 By turning wriggle, like a screw,
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new
 For when h' had happily incurred,
 Instead of hemp, to be preferred,
 And passed upon a government,
 He played his trick, and out he went,
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To mount his ladder, moie, of iopes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The public ruin, and his own,
 So little did he understand
 The desperate feats he took in hand,
 For when h' had got himself a name
 For frauds and tricks he spoiled his game,
 Had forced his neck into a noose,
 To shew his play at fast and loose,†

* He was an active politician during the rule of Charles I, the Parliament and Cromwell, and served under them all.

† Fast and loose, formerly called Picking at the Belt or Girdle, a cheating game still in vogue amongst trampers and impostors at fairs. A leatheren strip is coiled up tightly and placed standing on a table, the folds being so artfully arranged that one of them is made to resemble

And, when he chanced t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck
 So right his judgment was cut fit,
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under ground,
 As th' earth is easiest undermined,
 By vermin impotent and blind

By all these arts, and many more,
 He had practised long and much before,
 Our state-attifice foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw
 For as old sinners have all points
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and achès find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And, better than by Napier's bones,
 Feel in their own the age of moons
 So guilty sinners, in a state,
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain,
 Some days before a shower of rain,
 He therefore wisely cast about
 All ways he could, t' insure his throat,
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other rascals took,

the central roll of the strap. The player picks in that particular fold with a stick believing that he has thus made fast the strap but the strap being in reality loose the trickster detaches it at once. There are numerous allusions to this game in the dramatic writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries —

Like a right gipsy hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss

Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 10

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose

Love's Labour Lost, iii. 1

Selling bargains, and dum-founding, ribald jests in the 'merry days of the Restoration were tricks of another kind, ending similarly in a cheat — See DRYDEN'S *Prologue to the Prophetess*

* See ante, p. 56, note §

And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest
 To match this saint there was another,
 As busy and perverse a brother,*
 An haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state-affairs,
 More Jew than rabbi Achitophel,
 And better gifted to rebel,
 For when he had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The cause, a loint upon one house,
 He scorned to set his own in order,
 But tried another, and went further,
 So suddenly addicted 'till
 To 's only principle, his will,
 That whatsoe'er it chanced to prove,
 No force of argument could move,
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Holburn †
 Could render half a grain less stubborn,
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' harangue,
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle,
 In which his parts were so accomplished,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplussed,
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease,

* It is supposed that this character was intended for Colonel John Lilburn whose antipathy to authority, in whatever shape it appeared, showed itself with equal vehemence under the Monarchy and the Protectorate. At one period, prosecuted by the Star Chamber for sedition he was afterwards arraigned for treason against Cromwell. He was the incarnation of the levelling spirit and his discontented and contentious disposition was so notorious that when he died an epigram was written on him, suggesting that John should be buried in one place and Lilburn in another, as they would certainly quarrel if they were buried in the same grave —

Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet they would fall out

† The road from Newgate to Tyburn lay through Holborn, and the cavalcade is that of the sheriff and his attendants, conducting a malefactor to the gallows

And, with its everlasting clack,
Set all men's ears upon the rack,
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engaged in controversy,
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing,
With volleys of eternal babble,
And clamour, more unanswerable
For though his topics, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintained 'em, like his faults,
Against the desp'ntest assaults,
And backed their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence,†
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgelled, grow the stiffer
Yet when his profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated,
For nothing but his interest
Could lay his devil of contest
It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
To espouse the cause for better or worse,
And with his worldly goods and wit,
And soul and body worshipped it ‡
But when he found the sullen traps
Possessed with th' devil, worms, and claps,
The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common,§

* To skirmish before a battle or to go out in foraging parties To pickeer means also to rob, or pillage

† When Lilburn was arraigned for treason against Cromwell, he pleaded at his trial that no treason could be committed against such a government, and what he had done was in defence of the liberties of his country —N

‡ Alluding to the words in the Office of Matrimony

He still resolved to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater,
 And still, the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appeared, to sit the closer,
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are hardened by th' allay *
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief

These two, with others, being met,
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we named of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state,
 Than with his own impatience,
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while looked wise,
 At last broke silence, and the ice

Quoth he 'There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last outgoings † brought about

* In Butler's time *allay* and *alloy* were indiscriminately used to express the mixture of a base metal with a finer. They are now employed in different, and with reference to the text, opposite senses, *allay* being applied to anything which softens, or mitigates the predominant quality, and *alloy*, a metallic mixture which reduces the purity of the principal metal, and hardens it in the process.

† One of the cant terms used by the sectaries, conveying the same meaning as 'workings out,' which occur a little further on. 'The Nonconformist,' says Butler, describing one of that sect, 'does not care to have anything founded in right, but left at large to dispensations and out goings of Providence.' He cries down the Common prayer because there is no ostentation of gifts to be used in the reading of it; and, like the Church of Rome (which he abominates), he addresses himself to the rabble in a language of which they understand not one word. 'As the apostles made their divine calling appear plainly to all the world, by speaking languages which they never understood before, he endeavours to do the same thing most preposterously by speaking that which is no language at all, nor understood by anybody, but a collection of affected and fantastic expressions, wholly abstract from sense, as *Nothingness*, *Soul Damningness*, and *Savingness* &c in such a fustian style as the Turks and Persians use that signify nothing but the vanity and want of judgment of the speaker, though they believe it to be the true property of the spirit and highest perfection of all sanctity — *Character of an hypocritical Nonconformist*

More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears
 Not feigned, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scoied upon every member's forehead,
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feels pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their cons,
 And, since our workings-out are crossed,
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost
 Was it to run away we meant,
 When, taking of the covenant,
 The lamest cripes of the brothers,
 Took oaths to run before all others,
 But in their own sense, only swore,
 To strive to run away before,
 And now would prove, that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both?
 Tis true the cause is in the lurch,
 Between a right and mongrel-church,
 The presbyter and independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient,—I mean Margaret's fast,†
 When Providence had been suborned,
 What answer was to be returned ‡

* The declaritory words of the covenant were—‘Our true and unfeigned purpose is, each one to go before another in the example of a real reformation’

† The speaker drops the word ‘Saint’ in conformity with the usage already alluded to—See *ante*, p 135, note * This practice is said to have been carried so far by some fanatical sectaries, that to mark still more strongly their aversion to the word Sunt they would say Sir Peter and Sir Paul The term expedient was applied to the lectures delivered on days set apart specially for public devotion

‡ See vol 1 p 104 note ¶ Some of the sectaries pretended to hold a familiar intercourse with heaven which gave a spiritual sanction to their actions and discourses They affected to debate questions of moment with the Almighty, and to be the depositaries of His commands which they always regulated by their own desires This blasphemous fanaticism was justly treated with the severest irony

Else why should tumults fight us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame
 As, when they serve our turns t' inflame?
 Have proved how inconsiderable
 All engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconciled
 With drums, and rattles, like a child,^{*}
 But never proved so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us,
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition,
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion
 As carnal seamen in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform,
 When rusty weapons with chalked edges †
 Maintained our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills,‡ levied in the city,
 Made bills to pass the grand committee,
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets, and white sleeves,§

by the Cavalier party yet not a great many years afterwards White hall under the Stuarts, witnessed assumptions of Divine authority quite as revolting when the birth of a prince was ascribed to miraculous agency, and the members of the Trinity were described as having ‘conspired to send an heir to the throne—See DRYDEN'S *Poems*, II 170, Ann Ed

* Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw

POPE—*Essay on Man*, II

† To fight with rusty, or poisoned weapons was against the law of war; so when the citizens used the former, they chalked the edge.—WALBURTON

‡ A kind of halbert formerly carried by the English infantry In later times it became the weapon of the street watchmen —

Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes
 Brown bills, and targets four hundred strong
 I come

Eduard II II

These weapons were browned to prevent them from becoming rusty

§ The rochet is the linen vest worn by bishops under their robes —

And made the church, and state, and laws,
Submit t' old iron, and the cause
And as we thrived by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us,
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected,
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own,
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears
And yet, for all these providences
W' are offered, if we have our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge
Like men condemned to thunder-bolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts,
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away,
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together,
No mean nor trivial solaces
To partners in extreme distress,
Who use to lessen their despairs,
By parting them int' equal shares,
As if the more there were to bear,
They felt the weight the easier,

The passage alludes to the frequent attacks made on the bishops by the rabble and the apprentices, in the streets and the avenues to the House of Peers

And every one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best defence, despair
 Despair by which the gallant's^t feats
 Have been achieved in greatest strait,
 And horrid'st dangers safely waived,
 By being courageously outbraved,
 As wounds by wider wounds are healed,
 And poisons by themselves expelled
 And so they might be now again,
 If we were, what we should be, men,
 And not so dully desperate,
 To side against ourselves with fate
 As criminals, condemned to suffer,
 Are blinded first and then turned over
 This comes of breaking covenants,
 And setting up exempt^s of saints,
 That fine, like aldermen,[‡] for grace,
 To be excused the offence §
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks for independent,

* This speculation is repeated in a subsequent passage in this canto —

 This true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made

The theory of wounds inflicted by the sting of the scorpion being curable by its own oil, was maintained by Sir Kenelm Digby

† Misprinted *erem* in the old editions. The error seems to have arisen from the pronunciation of the word, which is French. Exempt^s of saints applies to persons who obtained dispensations from certain obligations.

‡ More correctly, like persons who decline to serve as aldermen

§ This word is not coined by Butler as Dr Nish supposes. It is old French for which the word *effracte* is now used. It bears two meanings—the power to produce effects, and the production of the effects desired.

To hang, like Mahomet, in the air,
 Or St Ignatius, at his prayer,†
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter,‡
 And since obedience is better,
 The Scripture says, than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on't will suffice,
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescribed their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declared as such, in doctrinals,
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without being called t' account or quest'on
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explained the bells,§
 And bid themselves turn back again
 Lord Mayors of New Jerusalem,
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,

* See *ante*, p. 29, note †.

† The legend of Ignatius Loyola relates of him that sometimes in the ecstasy of prayer he was raised from the ground for a considerable time together.

‡ That is, they did not suffer their consciences to be controlled by the letter of Scripture, but rather interpreted Scripture by their consciences, which they made the rule of their faith and conduct.

§ In the old ballad, Whittington is described running away from his master, and being recalled by the bells of London, whose sound, he interpreted into a summons to return, promising at the same time that he should one day become Lord Mayor —

But as he went along
 In a fair summer's morn,
 London bells sweetly rung
 ‘Whittington back ret’ ”
 Evermore sounding so,
 ‘Tain again, Whittington,
 For thou in time shalt grow
 Lord Mayor of London’

Sir Richard Whittington was Lord Mayor of London three times, in 1397, 1406 and 1419, and he amassed a fortune of £350,000. At Whitehall in Charles II's time, the ladies had a favourite toy called ‘Ringing Whittington’ — a cage with bells at the top, which were g by the motions of a small bird confined within

Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Then tones, and sanctified expressions,
 Bestowed them gifts upon a saint,
 Like charity, on those that want,
 And learned^{*} the apocryphal bigots
 To insue themselves with short-hand notes,†
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-geldeis
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the house of commons' way?
 Where had they all then gifted phrases,
 But from our Calamys and Cases?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?[‡]
 Their dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniam Byfield,[§]

* Taught The verb was constantly used by the old writers in this sense which comes from the *Saxon læran*, to teach, and is still so used in some of the provincial dialects —

But all too late love leurneth me
 To paint all kind of colours new
 SURREY — *Restless State of a Lover*

A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learned me how to brook this patiently

Tuo Gen of Verona, v 3

† Apocryphal bigots some suppose to be a kind of second rate independent divines, who vailed themselves of the discourses of the genuine bigots, or presbyterian ministers, by taking down the heads of it in short-hand and then retailing it at private meetings — N The custom is alluded to in one of the *Rump Songs* —

No factious lecture does he miss,
 And scapes no schism that's in fashion,
 But with short hair and shining shoes,
 He with two pens and note book goes,
 And winks, and writes at random, &c
The Reformation

‡ Calamy and Casewere amongst the most violent and distinguished preachers on the presbyterian side, and Owen and Nye on that of the independents

§ An active covenanter, originally an apothecary, who rose from obscurity and bankruptcy to become a chaplain in the army, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines, and minister of Collingboin, in Wiltshire

And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had never been sainted as they are
 For saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate,
 Then zeal corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter,
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the power of sacrifice,
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins,
 That in a while grow out again,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And from the most refined of saints,
 As naturally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn solan geese
 I' th' islands of the Orcades
 Their dispensation's but a ticket
 For them conforming to the wicked,
 With whom their greatest difference
 Lies more in words and show, than sense
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state, †
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Pround Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well, ‡

* Probably an ironical allusion to a paper published by Sir Robert Moray in the *Philosophical Transactions*, giving an account of shells hanging on trees by a neck longer than the shell resembling the wind-pipe of a chicken the shell itself containing a bird, with a bill like a goose and the feet like those of other water-fowl. The sea-goose called a barnacle, is so called from the absurd notion which formerly prevailed that it grew out of wood or rather out of the barnacles, or shells, which we found attached to the bottoms of ships rocks, and timber below the surface of the sea. The Solan goose is called *barnaca* in Portuguese.

† The tari, or triple crown. It was originally merely a round high cap, and was afterwards encompassed with a single crown and finally with three crowns rising above each other, covered with precious stones, and surmounted by an orb bearing a cross.

‡ Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifaci
 Per ouit — *Enclis vi*

Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus
 His thrice deformed heads did lay along

And, if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canonized in both
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the overheated sots
 In fever still, like other goats,
 For though the whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter th' are they grow the stiffer,
 Still setting off their spiritual goods,
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant
 And independents to profess
 The doctrine of dependences,*
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To rawheads fierce, and bloody bones,
 And not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked, and their moths,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelps †
 Divert their rage upon themselves
 For, now the war is not between
 The brethren and the men of sin,
 But saint and sot to spill the blood
 Of one another's brotherhood,
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or zealous suffering for the cause,
 To gain one groat's worth of applause,
 For, though endued with resolution,
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution,
 Shall precious saints, and secret ones,‡
 Break one another's outward bones §

* 'I am called an Independent' was the reply of one who came to subscribe at the sessions, because I depend upon my Bible —G

† Two violent factions that arose in Italy in the thirteenth century headed by two brothers Guelph, who espoused the cause of the Pope, and Gibel that of the Emperor

‡ See *ant.*, p. 135 note ¶

§ One of the canting phrases drawn from Scripture

And eat the flesh of bretheren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men?~
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves?
 When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon,
 When savage bears agree with bears,
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
 And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both?
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pulled,
 Engaged with bulls, let go their hold?
 And saints, whose necks are pawned at stake,
 No notice of the danger take?
 But though no power of heaven or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,
 Who would not guess there might be hopes
 The fear of gallowses and ropes
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities awhile,
 At least until th' had a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage,
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt
 Who understand their workings-out,
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience,
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the power
 Of miracle can ne'er restore
 We, whom at first they set up under
 In revelation only of plunder,
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their encroaching self-denials,†
 That rooked upon us with design
 To out-reform, and undermine,

* See *ante*, p 135

† Alluding to the self-denying ordinance.

Took all our interests and commands
 Perfidiously, out of our hands,
 Involved us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive gains allowed,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of father Brial,
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong,
 Th' had done us, and the cause so long
 We never failed to carry on
 The work still, as we had begun,
 But true and faithfully obeyed,
 And neither preached them hurt, nor prayed,
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us, like the cavaliers,
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pillories and carts'-tails,
 Or hangman's wages,* which the state
 Was forced, before them, to be at,
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,†
 Our ears for keeping true accounts,
 And buried our vessels, like a new
 Sealed peck, or bushel, for being true,
 But hand in hand like faithful brothers,
 Held for the cause against all others,
 Dismaying equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held
 And though we differed now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,

* Thirteenpence halfpenny. There was a coin of that value and another of half the value, sixpence three farthings, Scotch pieces, brought into England by James I —

For half of thirteen pence halfpenny wages,
 I would have cleared all the town criers
 And you should have been rid of all the sages,
 I and my gallows groan

The Hangman's last Will and Testament — Rump Songs

† The notches on tallies, kept by traders, were planed down when the accounts were discharged, so that in process of time the tallies would become reduced to stumps.

Our inward men, and constant flame
 Of spirit still were near the same,
 And till they first began to cant,*
 And sprinkle down the covenant,
 We never had call in any place,
 Nor dreamed of teaching down free grace,
 But joined our gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy,
 Although 'twas ours, and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon †
 And yet, for all this gospel-union,
 And outward show of church-communion,
 They d never admit us to our shares,
 Of ruling church, or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance,
 But shared our dividend o' the crown
 We had so painfully preached down,
 And forced us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had received before,
 And when 'twas held forth in our way,
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay,
 Who for the right we've done the nation,
 Have earned our temporal salvation,
 And put our vessels in a way,
 Once more to come again in play
 For if the turning of us out,
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring in the king,

* From Mr Andrew Cant, and his son Alexander seditious preaching and praying in Scotland were called *canting* — *Mercurius Publicus*, No 1x — G

† A god of the Syrians — 2 Kings v —

Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
 Was fur Damascus

Par Lost, 1

What would our actions not have done,
 Had we been suffered to go on?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair
 But whether that be so, or not,
 We 've done enough to have it thought,
 And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
 And easier passed upon account
 For if it be but half denied,
 'Tis half as good as justified
 The woild is naturally averse
 To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense and a lie
 With greediness and gluttony,
 And though it have the pique,* and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong,
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild,
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome,
 And, like the woild, men's jobbe noles†
 Turn round upon then ears, the poles,
 And what they 're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controlled

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desperate than their first accesses,
 If we but get again in power,
 Our work is easier than before,
 And we more ready and expert
 I' th' mystery, to do our part
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create, than make,

* Pica a vitiated appetite which makes the patient crave things which are unfit for food

† The head The meaning is that men's heads are turned round by swallowing nonsense and lies

And when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Raised funds as strange, to carry 't on,^{*}
 Tripanned the state, and faced it down,
 With plots and projects of our own,
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we now we're better veised?
 Who have a freer latitude
 Than sinners give themselves, allowed,
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our discipline,
 To which it was revealed long since
 We were ordained by Providence,
 When three saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The cause's primitive confessors,[†]
 Being crucified, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiplied by six, expiessed
 The perfect number of the beast.[‡]

* The taxes levied by the parliament in four years are said to have amounted to £17,512,400 † See vol 1 p 1-8, note §

‡ Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast for it is the number of a man and his number is six hundred three score and six.—*Revelations viii 18* By multiplying the three units—the three saints—by six, the number of yeas the Civil War lasted, we obtain three sixes which, placed in a line, 666 give the exact number of the beast. This number being the mark of Anti Christ has produced much ingenious speculation from the earliest ages of Christianity. Fevudent says Dr Nash discovered this number in the name of Martin Luther, and the sectaries expended no inconsiderable pains upon their attempts to trace it in the names of the bishops. ‘By this means they have found,’ says Butler, in his character of an *Hermetic Philosopher*, ‘who is the true owner of the beast in the Apocalypse, which has long passed for a stay among the learned what is the true product of 666, that has rung like Whittington’s bells in the ears of the expositors how long it is to the day of judgment and, which is more wonderful, whether it shall be in winter or summer.’ Some of the annotators suggest that the passage in the text may have been intended to refer not to the Apocalyptic, but to the Independent beast and that it is made out in this way. Three years of blood’ elapsed from the time the King set up his standard to the decisive battle of Naseby, these three years answer to the three ‘confessors’ and three multiplied by six, the number of their ears yields 18 the number of years during which the Independents prevailed—that is, from the commencement of the war to the Restoration.

And proved that we must be the men
 To bring this work about again,
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough reformation
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone?
 What churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters?
 Possessed with absolute dominions
 O'er brethren's puises and opinions,
 And trusted with the double keys
 Of heaven, and their warehouses,
 Who, when the cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please,
 That brooding lie in banker's hands,
 To be disposed at their commands,
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With doctrine, use, and usury
 Can fetch in parties, as, in war
 All other heads of cattle are,
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribbands down
 To all blue aprons in the town,

* This may allude to the apprentices, who took an active part in the agitation or, as suggested in a note in Dr Grey's edition to the numerous preachers who appeared in blue aprons. This latter curious fact seems to be confirmed by the following passages —

Counting our tapers, works of darkness, and
 Choosing to see priests in blue aprons stand
 CLEVELAND — *On Christ Church Windows*

Next to tell you must not be forgot,
 How I did trot
 With a great zealot to a lecture,
 Where I a tub did view,
 Hung with an apron blue,
 'Twas the preacher 's, I conjecture

Rump Songs — On the Schismatic Rotundas

Possibly to this custom may be referred the expression by which Butler describes the religion of his hero —

'Twas Presb'trian, true blue — See vol 1 p 51

From ladies hurried in caleches,*
 With cornets† at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab
 Our party's great, and better tied
 With oaths, and trade, than any side,‡
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the covenant,
 I mean our covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the church's,
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions,
 Our best reserve for reformation,
 When new outgoings give occasion,
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt,
 The covenant, then creed, t' assert,
 And, when they've packed a parliament,
 Will once more try th' expedient
 Who can already muster friends,
 To serve for members to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-folly§ congregation,

* The French name for a light carriage, called in English a calash

† Ornaments on the breeches

‡ The presbyterian party derived its chief strength from those who had taken the covenant, and the citizens

§ 'A large and beautiful house [in Bishopsgate] with gardens of pleasure, bowling alleys and such like built by Jasper Fisher, free of the Goldsmiths, late one of the Six Clerks of the Chancery, and a Justice of the Peace. It hath since for a time been the Earl of Oxford's place. The Queen's Majesty Elizabeth hath lodged there. It now belongeth to Sir Roger Manners. This house being so large and sumptuous, built by a man of no greater calling possessions, or wealth (for he was indebted to many) was mockingly called Fisher's Folly, and a rhyme was made of it, and other the like in this manner —

Kirby's Castle, and Fisher's Folly,
 Spinola's pleasure, and Megses glory'

STOW'S SURVEY

Fuller, in his *Worthies*, preserves this couplet amongst his London

Aie only tools to our intrigues,
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outthit,
 And order matters under hand,
 To put all business to a stand
 Lay public bills aside, for private,
 And make 'em one another drive out,
 Diverit the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary,
 And make the nation represent,
 And serve for us in parliament,
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year,† but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always passed for fundamental ‡
 Can set up grandee against grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy,

proverbs and says that the four houses alluded to were ' about the city, built by citizens, large and sumptuous above their estates whoe memories are likely long to continue by this rhyme than by their own pompos buildings.' Isher, Iolly was afterwards used as a conventional. Hence the illusion in the text

* By these means, like speaking against time the parliamentary leaders frequently defeated the king's friends in the House of Common and carried their measures by literally exhausting their opponents. The fasts interfered seriously with the progress of business as they sometimes lasted twelve hours at a stretch.

† Plato's year, the period within which the earth makes its complete revolution was estimated at 4000 years by some, and at six or seven times that term by other.

‡ By the bulls are meant the ordinances signed by Lenthal, the Speaker Dr Nash discovers a pun in this couplet 'They may be termed fundamentals, because many of them were issued by the rump parliament.' The ordinances signed by Lenthal as Speaker of the Rump, bear however a very small proportion to those he had previously signed. He was Speaker throughout the whole period of the Civil War. It was a common joke, however, to call the ordinances of the Rump fundamental laws —

Let no man pretend any cause
 Against the Rump to open his jaws,
 For it rules by the fundamental law,
 Which nobody can deny
Rump Songs — Fortune Raising

Make lords and commoners lay sieges
 To one another's privileges
 And, rather than compound the quarrel,
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope
 Who, though we do not play the game,
 Assist us much by giving aim,
 Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions t' act their parts,
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, or fourth,
 How much a casting voice comes to,
 That turns up trumpet of *Ay* or *No*,
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,
 Share every one his dividend
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now's in danger to be lost,
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,
 That found it out, get into th' houses *
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook,†
 And practised down from forty-four,
 Unless they turned us out of door ‡

* When the Rump Parliament was summoned, see *ante*, p 132, note ‡ the secluded members presented themselves in a body with Prynne at their head, but were met at the door by Colonel Pride, and refused admittance

† Crook and Hutton were the only two judges who dissented from their brethren in the case of Ship-money, which occasioned the wags to say that the king carried it by Hook, but not by Crook — G It is generally supposed that the phrase, by hook or by crook that is, by one means or another, was derived from this circumstance, but Warton, in his notes on Spenser, shows that it was in common use long before, of which he cites examples from Spenser and Skelton Numerous illustrations might be drawn from Sylvester, Florio, and other writers long antecedent to the Restoration Amongst the early writers, hook was a common term of reproach

‡ From 1644, the date of the self-denying ordinance, to 1648, when they the Presbyterians, were turned out, or refused admittance, at the door of the Commons

Besides the herds of Boutefeu^{*}
 We set on work, without the house,
 When every knight and citizen
 Kept legislative journeymen,
 To bring them in intelligence,
 From all points of the rabble's sense,
 And fill the lobbies of both houses
 With politic important buzzes,
 Set up committees of cabals,†
 To pack designs without the walls,
 Examine and draw up all news,
 And fit it to our present use,
 Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
 And every one his part rehearse,
 Make Qs of answers, to way lay
 What th' other party's like to say,
 With repartees, and smart reflections,
 Shall be returned to all objections
 And who shall break the master-jest,
 And what and how, upon the rest,
 Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
 Of proper slanders and seditions,
 And treason for a token send,
 By letter, to a country friend,
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit
 That men, like burglary, commit,
 With falsei than a paddie's face,‡
 That all its owner does betrays,
 Who therefore dues not trust it, when
 He's in his calling, to be seen
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,
 To bring new weeds of discord forth,

* Incendiaries

† The term *cabal* was applied to the ministers of Charles II., the initial letters of whose names form the word, Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, but the supposition that the term originated in this way is erroneous. It is derived from *cabal*, secret knowledge, hence, secret society, or combination.

‡ Alluding to the masks worn by highwaymen

Be sure to keep up congregations
 In spite of laws and proclamations
 For charlatans can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a crowd,
 And when they're punished all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't,
 As long as confessors are sure
 Of double pay for all th' endure,
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 In powdering-tubs their richest trade, †
 And, while they keep their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen,
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the christian blood we've let,

* Bostwick Burton and Prynne were richly rewarded by the parliament for the punishments inflicted upon them by the Star Chamber.

† The editor of the last edition of Grey's *Hudibras* says that powdering tubs were boxes used in the cure of an infamous disease and he illustrates this interpretation by the following passage from Shakespeare —

— To the hospital go,
 And from the powdering tub of infamy
 Fetch forth that Lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
 Doll Tearsheet

Hen V i

The supposition that such boxes were ever used by the medical profession is unsupported by evidence and the passage quoted from Shakespeare conveys a wholly different meaning. Powdering tub here means the hospital as the passage itself implies it was the term formerly applied to the place where the infected person was cured. It was also applied to the tub in which beef was salted, the word powdering being popularly used to describe the process of sprinkling with salt. In this sense, Shakespeare elsewhere employs the word powdered —

Lucio How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? *Ilia?*

Clown Tioth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub

Lucio Why tis good it is the right of it, it must be so even your fresh whore, and your powdered bawd — *Measure for Measure, iii 2*

Dr Nash suggests that powdering-tubs, above used by Butler, probably signifies prisons, an explanation which seems to be sustained by the context

'Twill save our credit, and muntun
 Our title to do so again,
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence
 Our constancy t' our principles,
 In time will wear out all things else
 Like mable statues, rubbed in pieces
 With gullinty of pilgrims' kisses.⁴
 While those who turn and wind their oaths
 Have swelled and sunk, like other froth,
 Prevailed a while, but 'twas not long
 Before from world to world they swung,
 As they had turned from side to side,
 And as the changelings lived they died.'

This sud, th' impitient statesmorer
 Could now contain himself no longer,
 Who had not spared to show his piques
 Against th' haranguer's politics,
 With smart remarks of leeling faces,
 And annotations of grimaces
 After he had administered a dose
 Of snuff roundungus to his nose,
 And powdered th' inside of his skull,
 Instead of th' outward jobbernol
 He shook it with a scowlful look
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke
 'In dressing a calf's head, although
 The tongue and brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near,
 For who did ever play his gambols
 With such insufferable rambles,
 To make the bunging in the king,
 And keeping of him out one thing?

* The black stone at Mecca, the marble round the C^{on}tra Santa of Loretto and min. ot'cr statues and shrines, come within this de-scription.

Which none could do, but those that swore
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore,
 That to defend was to invade,
 And to assassinate to aid [^]
 Unless, because you drove him out,—
 And that was never made a doubt,—
 No power is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your score,
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made, †
 And weapons dressed with salves, restore
 And heal the hurts they gave before
 But whether presbyterians have
 So much good nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin,
 Those who have tried them can determine
 Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' ameals of all your services,
 And for th' eternal obligation
 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation,
 B' used so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward,
 For letting rapine loose, and murther,
 To rage just so far, but no further ‡
 And setting all the land on fire,
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher ,

* Rolf, a shoemaker, was indicted for entertaining a design to assassinate the King in the Isle of Wight, and Sergeant Wild who tried the case at Winchester, and is said to have been bribed to get off the accused in charging the jury *said*, that men should not be condemned for their words, and that it was possible that the very persons who bore testimony against Rolf might themselves have planned the regicide, and that Rolf might have loaded his pistol to preserve the King. [†] See *ante*, p 145 note *

‡ Setting up the pretence that the presbyterians did not originally contemplate the extremities to which the Civil War was ultimately carried, as if having thrown down the flood-gates, they could stop the torrent when they saw fit

For venturing to assassinate,
 And cut the throats of church and state,
 And not be allowed the fittest men
 To take the charge of both again
 Especially that have the grace
 Of self-denying gifted face,
 Who, when your projects have miscallied,
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
 On those you painfully trepanned,
 And sprinkled in at second hand,
 As we have been, to share the guilt
 Of christian blood, devoutly spilt,
 For so our ignorance was flamed
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damned,
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet,
 For he had drawn your ears before,
 And nicked them on the self-same score,
 We thiew the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,
 And brought you down to rook and lie,
 And fancy only on the by, †
 Redeemed your forfeit jobbenoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles
 And rescued all your outward traitors,
 From hanging up, like alligators,‡
 For which ingeniously y' have showed
 Your presbyterian gratitude,
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind

* That is, committed rebellion and bloodshed to keep out popery, &c

† From being players of the political game, the presbyterians were reduced to become mere lookers on. On the by, illudes to by bets, made by spectators of the game.

‡ Alluding to the custom of hanging up alligators in the shops of druggists and vendors of curiosities.

Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple, on the other side,
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse,
 To be convinced they were in vain,
 And face about for new again,
 For truth no more unveiled your eyes,
 Than maggots are convinced to flies, †
 And therefore all your lights and culls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insolences,
 That to your own impious wills
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels,
 Corrupted the Old Testament, ‡
 To serve the New for precedent,
 To amend its errors and defects,
 With murder and rebellion-texts,
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon,
 And therefore from your tribe, the Jews
 Held christian doctrine forth, and use,
 As Mahomet your chief, began
 To mix them in the Alcoran, §

* That is, that they pretended to lay to the account of conscience and remorse, that they cleaved to their former colleagues which really sprang from Jealousy.

† Altered in the edition of 1710 to—

Ihan maggots when they turn to flies

‡ This was done says Dr. Grey, by a fanatic printer, in the Seventh Commandment, who printed it, 'Thou shalt commit adultery,' for which he was fined by the Star Chamber

§ For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great reformer and the chief
 Of the ancient Christian belief
 That mixed it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations dreams and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions
 To be held forth, and carried on by him
 And his successor was a presbyter

Denounced and prayed with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion,
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans,
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind,
 Filled Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination,†
 Made children, with your tones, to run for'‡,
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford §

* And now as hogs can see the wind,
 And storms at distance coming find

Hudibras at Court

It is a common belief amongst the vulgar that pigs see, or foresee the approach of storms, from their restlessness before a change of weather. But this restlessness is not confined to swine —

And oft alas! the long experienced wights
 (Oh! could they too prevent them!) storms foresee,
 For as the storm rides on the rising clouds,
 Fly the fleet wild-goose far away or else
 Like heifer towards the zenith turns her head,
 And with expanded nostrils snuff the air,
 Like swallows, too their airy circuits weave
 And screaming skim the brook &c — *Top-Garden*

— A cow, about half an hour
 Before there comes a hasty shower,
 Does clap her tail against the hedge — *British Apollo*

Some say that a hog is most dull and of a melancholy nature, and so by reason doth foresee the rain that cometh and in time of rain indeed, I have observed that most cattle do pick up their ears, as for example in my will, when he perceiveth a storm of rain or hail doth follow — *The Curiosities, or the Cabinet of Nature*

† Low i'ards the close of the sixteenth century there was a lazarus-house (erroneously described as a mad-house by Dr Nash) at Knightsbridge. The last editor of Grey's *Hudibras* supposes that 'the wretched inmates were the Presbyterians Illuminati alluded to by Butler.' This is doubtful, since it is by no means certain that the lazur-house existed in the time of the Civil War.

‡ Sir Thomas Lunsford, Governor of the Tower, a man of dissolute character and vindictive disposition. His name seems to have been used to spread alarm amongst the people, much in the same way as the story of Rawhead and Bloodybones was related to frighten children. His enemies even went so far as to report that he had so brutal an appetite that he would eat children a charge which exposed them to the ridicule of the Cavalier poets.

While women, great with child, miscallied,
 For being to malignants married
 Transformed all wives to Dalilahs,
 Whose husbands were not for the cause,
 And turned the men to ten-horned cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle,
 Made tailors' apprentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transformed to Meroz,*
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the saints' adventures
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Opheus,
 Enchant the king's and church's lands,
 To obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Maicy-hill had done of old,†
 Could turn the cov'nant, and translate
 The gospel into spoons and plate,
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricatest places,
 Could catechize a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox,
 Until the cause became a Damon,
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon ‡

And yet, in spite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,
 Y' have been reduced, and by those fools,
 Bled up, you say, in your own schools,

* Judges v. 23. A favourite text with the parliamentary preachers.

† Maicy Hill in Herefordshire, 'did' says Camden, in the year 1575, rouse itself, as it were out of sleep, and for three days together, shoving its prodigious body forward, with a horrible roaring noise, and overturning every thing in its way, raised itself, to the great astonishment of the beholders, to a higher place, by that kind of earthquake, I suppose, which naturalists call *Brismatia*'—*Britannia*.

‡ Until the union between Mammon and the cause had become as closely knitted as the friendship of Damon and Pythias.

Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit,
 By whom you've been so oft trepanned,
 And held forth out of all command,
 Out-gifted, out-impulsed, out-done,
 And out-revealed at carryings-on,
 Of all your dispensations wormed,
 Out-providenced and out-reformed,
 Ejected out of church and state,
 And all things but the people's hate,
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodged then gifts and grace,
 Like better bowlers, in your places
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charged on th' account of persecution,
 And though most righteously oppressed,
 Against your wills, still acquiesced
 And never hummed and hahed sedition,
 Nor snuffed treason, nor misprision *
 That is, because you never durst,
 For, had you preached and prayed your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able
 To raise your posse of the rabble
 One single redcoat sentinel
 Out-charmed the magic of the spell,
 And, with his squint-fire,† could disperse
 Whole troops with chapter raised and verse
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,

* The sermons, delivered in a nasal tone, or, as one of the satirical effusions of the day describes it—

— The snivelling tone
 Of a fluxed devotion,

and interspersed in the usual way with hums and hahs.—See vol 1 p 46, note † ‘He humms and hahs high treason’ says Butler, in his *Twelve Monachy Man*. Sir Roger L'Estrange, in his *Apology*, draws a distinction between the religion of the heart and that of the nose.

† Musket

Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of outgoings,
 Or to your ordering providence,
 One farthing's worth of consequence
 ‘For had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to treason,
 Inveigle, or betray one man,
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means,
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out
 Brave undertakers to restore,
 That could not keep yourselves in power,
 To advance the interests of the crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own
 ‘Tis true you have, for I'd be loth
 To wrong ye, done your parts in both,
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As grace is introduced by sin,
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
 And sanctified impertinence,
 Your carrying business in a huddle,
 That forced our rulers to new-model,
 Obliged the state to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out,
 To reformado, one and all,
 To your great croisado general †

* Thus Saint Paul to the Romans ‘ Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound ? —N

† Croisade, from *croix*, the name given to the Holy Wars against the Infidels. By croisado general is implied a general who had embarked in the Civil War on religious grounds. The early annotator whose opinion is adopted by Dr Grey, but rejected by the last editor of Grey's *Hudibras* and by Dr Nash, thinks that by the croisado general is meant General Fairfax. But all the circumstances concur to indicate that it points at Essex. It must be remembered that the speaker is an independent, and that the general he alludes to was, therefore, a presbyterian strongly committed to the cause. Now, Fairfax, although a presbyterian, was supported in his command by the inde-

You greedy slavering to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, power,
 That spiung the game you were to set,
 Before y' had time to draw the net,
 You spite to see the church's lands
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under churches in the town,
 And no course used to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' independents' spreading growths
 All which considered, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you,
 Who have prevailed beyond their plots,
 Their midnight juntas, and sealed knots, †
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics
 And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying, as you brag, th' affan,
 Else frogs and toads, that croaked the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From task-masters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the fact,
 In any indifferent man's conceit
 For who e'er heard of restoration,
 Until your thorough reformation?

pendants, with whom according to Clarendon, he was all along closely associated, while, on the other hand, Essex was a consistent and zealous presbyterian throughout. It was in order to get rid of him, and others of his complexion, that the device of the self-denying ordinance was resorted to, by which members of either House were prohibited from holding offices in the State. By this ordinance, Essex, as described in the text, was turned out. Fanfay, on the other hand, was not turned out, but voluntarily laid down his commission.

* B., the preaching of the independents whose popularity with the mass of the lower orders was much greater than that of the presbyterians.

† Secret clubs, or knots of men

That is, the king's and church's lands
 Were sequestered int' other hands
 For only then, and not before,
 You eyes were opened to restore,
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who crossed it, but yourselves alone?
 As by a woild of hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your ears †

‘ But first o' th' first The isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny't,
 Where Henderson,‡ and th' other masses,§
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Although put paltiy Ob and Sollers ||
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a coursing ¶ in the schools,

* The independent here charges the presbyterians with having no design of restoring the king till they were turned out of all profit by ‘the sale of the crown and church lands and that it was not their loyalty, but their disappointment and re-enactment against the independents that made them think of treating with the king —N

† Alluding either to the length of their predestinating ears or the punishment of the loss of their ears inflicted on Prynne and others

‡ There is an error here. It was not at the Isle of Wight that Henderson and other divines were sent to ‘cap texts’ with the king, but at Newcastle, where the king was with the Scottish army. The object of the mission was, amongst other things, to induce the king to consent to the abolition of episcopacy, and the establishment of presbytery in its stead and it is said that Henderson was so successfully confuted in all his arguments by the king, that he died shortly afterwards of grief or remorse. The treaty at Newport in the Isle of Wight, was negotiated in September, 1648, two years after the death of Henderson, which took place in October, 1646.

§ The plural of *mas*, an abbreviation of master a term commonly applied to ministers, as we see in a previous passage in this canto —

What churches have such able prætors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters?

|| Alridgments of the words objection and solution. Controversial students were in the habit of making ob and sol on the margins of tracts and treatises, to signify in one place an objection, and in the other a solution. This custom prevailed very generally, and was so well known that it is surprising to find the first annotator explaining Ob and Sollers as the name of ‘two ridiculous scibblers, who were often pestering the world with nonsense’

¶ A term applied in Oxford to the exercises preparatory to a Master's degree —See vol i no 9

Until th' had proved the devil author
 O' th' cov'nant and the cause his daughter,
 For when they charged him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hewson,*
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on,
 And who could those be but the saints,
 Those reformation termagants?
 But ere this passed, the wise debate
 Spent so much time it grew too late,†
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 To inclose him with his warriors round,
 Had brought his providence about,
 And turned th' untimely sophists out
 'Nor had the Uxbridge business less
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness,
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,‡
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,

* Colonel Pride, called Sir Pride in derision because he was knighted by Cromwell with a faggot stick instead of a sword. Pride was a man of low origin and began life as a dayman in circumstances with which he was frequently twitted in the scurrilous doggerel of the day. He took a prominent part in the exclusion of the secluded members, a measure which was consequently nicknamed Pride's Purge. He and Hewson, who was originally a cobbler, were members of Cromwell's Upper House. According to the Cavalier poets, Hewson had but one eye —

Make room for one-eyed Hewson,
 A lord of such account,
 'Twas a pretty jest
 That such a beast
 Should to such honour mount

Rump Songs — The Bloody Bed-roll

There is single eyed Hewson the cobbler of late,
 Translated in a buff and feather,
 But bootless are all his seems of state,
 When the soul is unapt from the upper leather

ib — Quarrel between Tower hill and Tyburn

† The discussions on the treaty of Newport were designedly protracted to give Cromwell time to return from Scotland, by which artifice the settlement of the kingdom was effectually frustrated.

Your mighty senators took law,
 At his command were forced t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 The doctrine, use, and application
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,*
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You basely left them, and the church
 They trained you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffered your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines †
 This shows what utensils y' have been,
 To bring the king's concernments in,
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you,
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay
 With double interest, and betray
 ‘Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who dully act one part,
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,

Urbidge was in progress, preached a furious sermon against the king and his commissioners. He was afterwards executed for treason. Ichard says that a letter of reprieve sent by Cromwell was intercepted and taken from the northern post boy, by a party of Cavaliers.

* Alluding to the sums of money paid to the Scots for their assistance, and the surrender of the king.

† When the Scots invaded England in defence of the king, they expected to be supported by their own brethren, the presbyterians who betrayed them by joining the independents, here designated the Philistines.

Who change them for the same intrigues
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues,
 While others in old faths and troths
 Look odd, as out-of-fashioned clothes,
 And nastier in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen
 For true and faithful's sure to lose,
 Which way soever the game goes,
 And whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nicked, or else hedged in *
 While power usurped, like stolen delight,
 Is more bewitching than the night,
 And when the times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the halter
 And so we may, if we've but sense
 To use the necessary means,
 And not your usual stratagems
 On one another, lights, and dreams
 To stand on terms as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give,
 Set up the covenant on crutches,
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dicam of pulling churches down,
 Before we're sure to prop our own,
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding,
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred
 'I grant all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again,
 The only way that's left us now,
 But all the difficulty's, how?

* Nick, a winning throw to knock to hit a thing at the lucky moment 'The just idea on of doing things must be nicked, and all accidents improved — L'ESTEANGE Hedged, protected by a defence

There is a law to hedge in the cuckow — Lockr 'Nicked, or else hedged in' consequently means that the player either wins, or is protected against loss

'Tis true we 've money, th' only power
That all mankind falls down before,
Money that, like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things,
And therefore need not doubt our play
Has all advantages that way,
As long as men have faith to sell,
And meet with those that can pay well,
Whose half-starved pride, and avarice,
One church and state will not suffice
T' expose to sale,* besides the wages
Of storing plagues to after ages
Nor is our money less our own
Than 'twas before we laid it down,
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
If we are brought in play upon't,
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
What power can hinder us to win?
We know the arts we used before,
In peace and war, and something more,
And by th' unfortunate events,
Can mend our next experiments,
For when we 're taken into trust,
How easy are the wisest choused,
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
And not then secret springs and weights,
And, while they 're busy, at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present power from taking root,
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots, and parties taking arms,

* It was computed that upon the sale of the church and crown lands, nearly twenty millions of money were divided amongst the principal persons concerned in that measure

To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side,
 Profess the passionat^t concains,
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' impiove ouⁿ own,
 By dealing faithfully with none,
 As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be swayed,
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together,
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty
 To reconcile our late dissenters,
 Our brethren, though by other venters,
 Unite them, and then different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join ag^{ain} as close,
 As when they first began t' espouse,
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in church and state,
 To join in mariage and communion,
 And only 'mong themselves converse,*
 And all thit are not of their mind,
 Make enemies to all mankind
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From conclave down to conventicle,†
 Agreeing still or disagreeing,
 According to the light in being,
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misrule in one sense,
 But in another quite contrary,
 As dispensations chance to vary,

* The practice of the Jews, who are not allowed to intermarry with other nations

† From the conclave of cardinals to the meeting house of the non-conformist

And stand for, as the times will bear it
 All contradictions of the spirit
 Protect their emissaries, empowered
 To preach sedition and the word,
 And when they're hampered by the laws,
 Release the labourers for the cause,
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe,
 For breaking, or maintaining law
 And when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in and treason,
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches,
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more
 Meanwhile be better armed to fence
 Against revolts of providence,†
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen
 For if success could make us saints,
 Our ruin turned us miscreants,
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepared
 ' These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,

* * He dreams of a fool's paradise without a serpent in it, a golden age
 all of saints, and no hypocrites, all holy court princes and no subjects,
 but the wicked a government of Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel
 saints where every man that had a mind to it, might make himself a
 prince and claim a title to the crown Next this it most resembles
 Mahomet's coming to the Turks and King Arthur's reign over the
 Britons in Merlin's prophecies so near of kin are all fantastic illusions,
 that you may discern the same lineaments in them all —BUTLER—
Character of a Fifth-Monarchy Man

† When their projects failed, they did not hesitate to remonstrate
 with Providence for deserting them

And not to stand on terms and feaks,
 Before we have secured our necks,
 But do our work as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night,
 All licence of the people own,
 In opposition to the crown,
 And for the crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide,
 The end of all we first designed,
 And all that yet remains behind
 Be sure to spue no public rapine,
 On all emergencies that happen
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as men in want,
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade,
 Gained vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver,
 And what the one, by tricks, fo' estalled,
 The other, by as sly, retailed
 For gain has wonderful effects
 To improve the factory of sects,
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians,
 Whence tuning of religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade,
 And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce
 For all religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,
 To nab the itches of them sects,
 As jades do one another's necks
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a church, as zeal,

* Hypocrisy will serve as well
 To propagate a church as zeal, &c —*Mis Thoughts*

As persecution, or promotion,
 Do equally advance devotion
 ‘ Let business like ill watches, go
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow,
 For things in order are put out
 So easy, ease itself will do’t
 But when the feat’s designed and meant,
 What miracle can bu th’ event?
 For ‘tis more easy to betray,
 Than ruin any other way

‘ All possible occasions stut,
 The weightiest matters to divert,
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
 And lay perpetual traps, to wiangle
 But in affairs of less import,
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
 And seem as scrupulously just,
 To bait our hooks for greater trust
 But still be careful to cry down
 All public actions, though our own,
 The least miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the state
 Express the horridst detestation,
 And pity the distracted nation,
 Tell stories scandalous and false,
 I’ th’ proper language of cabals,
 Where all a subtle statesman says,
 Is half in words, and half in face,
 As Spaniards talk in dialogues
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs,
 Entrust it under solemn vows
 Of mum* and silence, and the rose,†

* The primary sense of the word *mum* or *mumm*, is mask, hence *mummer* a masker or one who plays in a disguise. From this comes the secondary sense of close secret silent in the exclamation *Mum!*

† From the earliest ages the rose has been regarded as the emblem

To be retailed again in whispers,
For th' easy credulous to disperse'

Thus far the statesman—When a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out,
And straight another, all aghast,
Rushed in with equal fear and haste,
Who stared about, as pale as death,
And for a while, as out of breath,
Till, having gathered up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits

'That beastly rabble—that came down
From all the garrets—in the town
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalked bills, and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door,

o^r s lence, having been dedicated by Cupid to Hypocrites, the god of
sence W^m Burton suppos^es that the expression under the rose
originated in the time of the fictions of the white and red roses when
it might be understood that anything communicated from one member
of either party to another w^t spoken in confidence under the ro^e
but there is no doubt that it was in ancient custom to wear chaplets
of roses on festive occasions & hen a common agreement w^t entered
into that the conversation should not be repeated to others but be con-
sidered strictly confined to the persons present The larmans with
the same object in view used to suspend or plant a rose on the ceiling
over the table A similar usage prevailed in England Newton, in
his *Herball to the Bible*, 1587, says that it was a country custom,
as soon as a meiry meeting was over for the company to give a pledge
th^t nothing of what had been spoken should be carried out of doors,
but should be understood as spoken under the ro^e Wherupon, he adds
'th^t y use in their parlours and dining-rooms to hang roses over
their tables, to put the company in memory of secrecy, and not rashly
or indiscreetly to chatter and blab out what they hear —See also
Brand's *Antq* edited by Ellis

+ The messenger who tells his tale 'out of breath with breaks and
stops in the utterance humorously significant of haste and fright, is
Sir Martin No^l, who, while the Council was sitting, brought the news
of the burning of the Pump in effigy in the city The secluded mem-
bers had just been admitted by Monk, and the mob testified their
delight by burning rumps in the streets Sir M^{tin}'s communication
is very shakily managed At first he speaks in broken sentence,
but, as soon as he recovers his breath, he runs on with rapidity

Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,
 And all the grandees—of our members
 Are carbonading—on the embers,
 Knights citizens and burgesses—
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
 That serve for characters—and badges
 To represent their personages
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
 And every representative
 Have vowed to roast—and broil alive
 And 'tis a miracle we are not
 Already sacrificed incarnate,
 For while we wrangle here, and jar,
 We're gullied all at Temple-bar,
 Some, on the sign-post of an alehouse,
 Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
 Made up of rags to personate
 Respective officers of state,
 That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
 Proscribed in law, and executed,
 And, while the work is carrying on,
 Be ready listed under Dun,*
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows,

* Dun was the hangman of that period the successor of Gregory Brandon who by a cheat put upon the Garter King at Arms was advanced to the rank of gentleman, by having a coat-of arms conferred upon him. The name of Dun continued to be given to the executioners who succeeded him, till Jack Ketch whose name is still given to the common hangman, eclipsed the reputation of his predecessors. But the person here intended under the ignominious appellation, was Sir Arthur Hazelrig one of the five members impeached by the king, as clearly indicated in a subsequent line. In reference to the application of the name of Dun to Hazelrig, Dr Nash observes, It is probable that Butler might call Sir Arthur by the hangman's name either for some barbarous execution which he had caused to be done in a military way, or for his凶狠ness and zeal in parliament in bringing the royalists to execution, and the king himself.

The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive,
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 Is chosen for a fifth again
 For since the State has made a quondam
 Of generals, he's lifted in't
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way,
 For, moulded to the life, in cloots,
 Th' have picked from dunghills hereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavant†
 A cropped malignant baker gave 'em,
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 Th' have roasted Cook‡ already, and Pride in,
 On whom, in equipage and state,
 His scare-crow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at thanksgivings th' used to do,
 Each in a tattered talisman,
 Like vermin in effigy slain

‘ But, what's more dreadful than the rest,
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
 Set up to popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly appears,
 For none but jesuits have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the church with powder,
 Then founder was a blown-up soldier §

* In February, 1659 the government of the army was vested in the hands of five military commissioners, Monk, Hazelrig, Walton, Morley, and Alured.

† A pun on Hazelrig's name. A bavant is a fagot.

‡ The solicitor who drew up the charge at the King's trial. Upon his own trial afterwards, Clarendon says that his defence was open and manly. He demanded exemption from responsibility upon professional grounds stating that he had merely acted as a lawyer, taken a fee, and pleaded from a brief. He was hanged at Tyburn.

§ Ignatius Loyola was originally a soldier and served in the Spanish army against the French. At the siege of Pampeluna he

These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore',
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they failed in their designs,
 To take in heaven by springing mines,
 And, with unanswerable bariels
 Of gunpowder, dispute their quarrels,
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,
 Disguised in rumps, like sambenites,[†]
 More like to run and confound,
 Than all their doctrines under ground

'Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
 For symbols of state-mysteries,
 Though some suppose, 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorned the saints, the few,
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps,
 Are represented best by rumps
 But jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politic fai-fetches,
 And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus,[‡]
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us
 For, as th' Egyptians usd by bees
 To express their antique Ptolomies,[§]

received a wound in his left leg and had his right thigh shattered by a cannon ball —

My right leg maimed, at holt I seem to stand,
 To tell the wound, at I impelune sustained

OLDHAM — *Satires upon the Jesuits* Ann Ed p 123

* Alluding to the gunpowder plot

† Persons wearing the sambenito a coarse cloth coat worn by penitents, also (the sense in which it is here used), a yellow coat without sleeves having devils and hideous figures painted on it which was put upon heretics when they were going to execution, under the sentence of the Spanish Inquisition

‡ Athanasius Kircherus, a jesuit, who wrote many tracts on the Egyptian mysteries

§ The ancient Egyptians represented their kings under the emblem of a bee—with honey for the virtuous and a sting for the wicked This passage, and nearly the whole of the arguments in the text, are repeated and expanded by Butler, in his tract called *A Speech made at the Rota*

And by their stings, the swoids, they woe,
 Held forth authority and power,
 Because these subtle animals
 Bear all their interests in their tails,
 But when they're once unpaired in that,
 Are banished their well-ordered state
 They thought all governments were best
 By hieroglyphic rumps expressed

'For, as in bodies natural,
 The rump's the fundament of all,
 So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
 The government is called the helm,
 With which, like vessels under sail,
 They're turned and winded by the tail,
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with, through sea and air,
 To whom the rudder of the rump is
 The same thing with the stern and compass,
 This shows, how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in nature jump
 For as a fly that goes to bed,
 Rests with his tail above his head,
 So, in this mongrel state of ours,
 The rabble are the supreme powers,
 That hoisted us on their backs, to show us
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us
 'The learned rabbins of the jews
 Wrote, there's a bone, which they call Luez,†

* By the tail we must understand the hind legs, which, being longer than the fore legs, are elevated when the fly is at rest.

† Luez, or Luz, according to the Rabbins, is a little bone almond shaped, and scarcely as large is a pea, situated at the lower end of the back bone. From this bone, which they pretended to have tested by fire, crushing, and other methods without being able to reduce it to powder, and which they, consequently held to be incorruptible, the Rabbins maintained the whole body would be restored at the resurrection. Butler again alludes to this mysterious bone in the *Speech at the Rota* — The learned Eben Ezra, and Manasseh Ben Israel do write that there is in the rump of man a certain bone which they call the bone Luz, thus, they say, is of so immortal and incomprehensible a

I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to,
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetals proceed,
 From whence the learnèd sons of art,
Os sacrum justly style that part
 Then what can better represent,
 Than this rump bone, the parliament?
 That after several rude ejections,
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reverions of nine lives,
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives!^{*}
 But now, alas! they're all expued,
 And th' house, as well as members, fired,
 Consumed in kennels by the rout,
 With which they other fires put out,
 Condemned t' ungoverning distress,
 And paltiy private wretchedness,
 Worse than the devil to privation
 Beyond all hopes of restoration,
 And parted, like the body and soul,
 From all dominion and control
 We, who could lately, with a look,
 Enact, establish, or revoke,

niture, that at the resurrection, out of it all the rest of the bones and members shall sprout, just as a plant does out of a kernel.' Mr Dryden justly observes that the illustrations and arguments repeated in the speech appear there with more propriety than in the poem where they are put into the mouth of one who is described to be in the utmost fear and haste and who was not, therefore, in a condition of mind to enter into such an elaborate disquisition.

* Hence it is I suppose, that physicians and anatomists call this bone *os sacrum*, or the holy bone —*Speech at the Rota*. The bone below the vertebrae is so called, but, as Dr Nash observes, not for the reason withal assigned by the poet, but because it is much bigger than any of the vertebrae.

† The Rump had two 'prodigious resurrections'. It was restored on the 6th May, 1659, turned out on the 13th of the following October, and restored again on the 26th of December.

Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe,
 Before the bluster of whose huff,
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off,
 Adoied and bowed to by the great,
 Down to the footman and valèt,
 Had moie bent knees than chapel-mats,
 And prayers than the crowns of hats,
 Shall now be scorned as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high,
 Which might be suffered were it all
 The horror that attends our fall
 For some of us have scores more large
 Than heads and quarters can discharge,
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amassed,
 Would gladly lay down all at last,
 And, to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail,
 And bless the devil to let them fums
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms'

This said, i near and louder shout
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,
 Who now begun t' outrun their fear,
 As horses do, from those they bear,
 But crowded on with so much haste,
 Until th' had blocked the passage fast,
 And barricadoed it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled piece

* Upon this passage Lurher has the following characteristic note,
 'Pour les crimes de haute trahison, les criminels restent pendus cinq minutes, on coupe ensuite la corde, on leur fend le ventre, on leur arrache les entrailles qu'on bâule, on les coupe ensuite en plusieurs quartiers qu'on expose dans les endroits où ils se sont révoltés, afin d'inspirer de la terreur. On se contente de trancher la tête à la noblesse.'

Of all their crushed and broken mem'rs,
 Than have them grill'd on the embers,
 Still pressing on with heavy packs
 Of one another on their backs,
 The van-guard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear,
 But, borne down headlong by the rout
 Were trampled sorely under foot,
 Yet nothing proved so formidable,
 As th' horrid cookeiry of the rabble,
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 Relieved 'em with a flesh supply
 Of allied force, enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs †

* Pepys who happened to be going home through the streets the night of the burning of the Rump after a booze with his friend Sir Nicholis Cuspe at the Star Tavern has left a graphic picture of the scene 'In Cheapside there were a great many bonfires and how-bells, and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge [a bridge which spanned the Strand close to the east end of Catherine-street, where a small stream ran down from the fields into the Thames near Somerset House] I could tell it one time thirty one fires, in King street seven or eight, and all along burning and roasting and drinking of Rumps there being rumps tied upon sticks, and carried up and down. The butchers at the mappolls in the Strand ring a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate-hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied to it and another basting of it. Indeed, it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the other side.'

† Races of this kind are practised at Rome and Florence. At Rome in the Carnival, there are five or six horses turned on purpose for this diversion. They are drawn up abreast in the Piazza del Popolo, and certain balls, with little sharp spikes are hung along their rumps, which serve to spur them on as soon as they begin to run — N These balls are suspended from a plate of steel in the shape of an arch, about two inches broad and a foot long. The faster the horses run the more the spurs prick them.

PART III — CANTO III *

THE ARGUMENT

The knight und squires prodigious flight
 To quit th' enchanted bower by night
 He plods to turn his amorous suit,
 I a plea in law, und prosecute
 Repairs to counsel, to advise
 Lout managing the enterprise,
 But first resolves to try by letter
 And one more farr address, to get her

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
 Mankind creates itself, of fears,
 That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
 Equivocally, without seed,†
 And have no possible foundation,
 But merely in th' imagination?

* In this canto the narrative is resumed, and the reader's attention which had been diverted from the main subject by the previous canto is recalled to the point at which the action broke off.

† The seed of certain species of the fern is so small as to be invisible to the naked eye and hence the plant was believed to have been generated without seed, like some insects which are supposed to be the product of corrupt matter. This kind of generation is called equivocal, in contradistinction to generation by natural derivation.

The eads of fern which by prolific heat
 Chicked and unfold'd form a plant so great
 Are less i thousand times than hit the eye
 C'm, unaisted by the tube, desir —BLACKMORE

It was an old superstition that the seed, being invisible conferred invisibility upon any person who could obtain it, and carry it about his person,

We have the receipt of fern seed we walk invisible
 i Hen IV v 4

— I had
 No medicine sn, to go invisible,
 No fern-seed in my pocket

BEN JONSON — *New Inn*, i 6

Why did you think that you had Gyges ring,
 Or the herb that gives invisibility?

BLAUMONT and FLECHIER — *Fau Maid of the Inn*, i 1

It was also a common belief that the seed of the fern, which is

And yet can do more dreadful feats
 Than hags, with all their imps and toats,
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
 Than all their nurseries of clves
 For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t' unmiddle which is which,
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences,
 As Rosicrucian virtuosos
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses,
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supplied by fear,
 That makes them in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions,
 And when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best,
 Do things not contrary alone,
 To th' course of nature, but its own,
 The courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn poltroons as valiant
 For men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear,

deposited on the back of the leaf, was produced in a single night —

When coming nigher, he doth well discern
 It of the wondrous one night seedling fern
 Some bundle was

BROWNE — *Britannia's Pastorals*, II. 2

In consequence of the magical property ascribed to this seed, the operation of finding, or catching it was performed with special ceremonies, and only on particular nights, Midsummer Eve and the Eve of St John the Baptist

* The Marquis of Worcester's *Century of Inventions* is bantered in this passage. One of the discoveries noted in that precipitous catalogue was how to read by the smell, the touch, or the taste. ‘This is an art to teach men to see with their ears and hear with their eyes and noses, and it has been found true by experience and demonstration if we may believe the story of the Spaniard that could see words and swallow music by holding the peg of a fiddle between his teeth, or him that could sing his part backward at first sight, which those that were near him might hear with their noses’ — BULLER'S *Character of an Hermetic Philosopher*. The story of the Spaniard is related by Sir Kenelm Digby, in his *Treatise of the Nature of Bodies*.

And, when they're out of hopes of flying
 Will run away from death, by dying,
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout

This Hudibras had proved too true,
 Who, by the furies, left *perdue*,
 And haunted with detachment, sent
 From Marshal Legion's* regiment,
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
 Relieved and rescued with a cheat,
 When nothing but himself, and few,
 Was both the naps and conjurer,
 As by the rules o' th' virtuous,
 It follows in due form of poesie

Disguised in all the masks of night,
 We lett our champion on his flight,
 At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
 In equal fear of night and day,
 Who took his dark and despeirate course,
 He knew no better than his hoise,
 And by an unknown devil led,
 He knew as little whither, fled,
 He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of sped,
 Disabled, both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away, his best,
 To keep the enemy, and fear,
 From equal falling on his rear
 And though with kicks and bangs he plied
 The further and the nearer side,
 As seamen ride with all their foise,
 And tug as if they rowed the hoise,

* Dr Grey says, that this alludes to Stephen Marshall, a preacher, who was called the Geneva bull, from his manner of rowing in the pulpit. Dr Nash doubts this supposition, and thinks that the word marshal denotes a title of office or rank, and that Legion may here be used for the name of a leader of a company, and not for the company itself. Dr Grey's explanation is, probably, the true one.

And when the hackney sails more swift,
 Believe they lag, or run a-drift,
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste
 For fear, though fleetier than the wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind
 But when the morn began t' appear,
 And shift t' another scene his fear,
 He found his new officious shade,
 That came so timely to his aid,
 And forced him from the foe t' escape,
 Had turned itself to Ralph's shape,
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which w^s which
 For Ralph had no sooner told
 The lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she conveyed him out of sight,
 To entertain the approaching knight,
 And while he gave himself diversion,
 T' accommodate his beast and person,
 And put his beard into a posture
 At best advantage to accost her,
 She ordered th' intumasquerade,
 For his reception, aforesaid
 But when the ceremony was done,
 The lights put out, the furies gone,
 And Hudibras, among the rest,
 Conveyed away, as Ralph guessed,
 The wretched caitiff, all alone,
 As he believed, began to moan,
 And tell his story to himself,
 The knight mistook him for an elf,
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
 And thought, because they oft agreed
 T' appear in one another's stead,

* We here arrive at the third day in the action of the poem.

And act the saint's and devil's part,
 With undistinguishable art,
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes,
 And wherefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He stared upon him, and cried out,
 'What art? My squire, or that bold sprite
 That took his place and shape to-night?
 Some busy independent pug,
 Retainer to his synagogue?'

'Alas!' quoth he, 'I'm none of those
 You bosom friends, as you suppose,
 But Ralph himself, your trusty squire,
 Wh' has dragg'd your donship^{*} out o' th' mire,
 And from th' enchantments of a widow,
 Wh' had turned you int' a beast, have freed you,
 And, though a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are,
 Which you would gratefully repay,
 Your constant presbyterian way.'

'That's stranger,' quoth the knight, 'and stranger,
 Who gave thee notice of my dauger?'

Quotl he, 'Th' infernal conjuror
 Pursued, and took me prisoner,
 And, knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along to find you out,
 Where I, in hugger-mugger[†] hid,
 Have noted all they said or did
 And, though they lay to him the pageant,
 I did not see him, nor his agent,
 Who played their sorceries out of sight,
 To avoid a fiercer second fight.'

'But didst thou see no devils then?'
 'Not one,' quoth he, 'but carnal men,
 A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezebel,

* In the old editions 'dunship'

† Concealment—See vol 1 p 132, note †

That laughed and tee-heed with decision,
To see them take your deposition'

'What then,' quoth Hudibras, 'was he
That played the devil to examine me?'

'A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown,
Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
But, for my part, I ne'er believed it
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats,
Denied your whipping, and confessed
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the reverend writer
That to our churches veiled his mitre,
All which they take in black and white,
And cudgelled me to underwhite.'

'What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone,
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?'

Quoth he, 'I knew your constant rate,
And frame of spirit too obstinate,
To be by me prevailed upon,
With any motives of my own,
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The devil a while, to nick your wit,
The devil, that is your constant enemy,
That only can prevail upon ye,

* This character which would apply with equal propriety to more bishops of the time than one has been fixed by distinct annotators on William Bishop of Lincoln and afterwards Archbishop of York Graham, Bishop of Orkney, Adair, Bishop of Killala and Herbert Croft Bishop of Hereford. A coincidence has been pointed out with reference to the last named prelate, which strengthens the conjecture that he was the person pointed at. One of his publications is called *The Naked Truth, or The State of the Primitive Church* which is identical with the phrase used in the text. This pamphlet says the editor of the last edition of Grey's *Hudibras*, 'excited in extraordinary degree of interest at the time Butler was writing his Third Part it was violently attacked by some of the more orthodox clergy, and was zealously defended by Andrew Marvell.'

Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty diubs confuting,

The knight, who now began to find
They'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no farther harm remain,
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceived, by losing of their way,
Th' had gained th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, then rear made good,
He ventured to dismiss his fear,
That parting's wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back
For having paused to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appeared,
What else it could be said he feared,
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolved to re-engage,
Tossed like a foot-ball, back again
With shame, and vengeance, and disdain

Quoth he, ' It was thy cowardice,
That made me from this leaguer rise,
And when I'd half-reduced the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better covered by the new
Arrived detachment, than I knew, *
To slight my new acquests, and run,
Victoriously, from battles won,
And, reckoning all I gained or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost,
To make me put myself to flight,
And, conquering, run away by night,

* Here seems a defect in coherency and syntax — N

To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presumed to do,
 To mount me in the dark, by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
 Exposed in querpo^{*} to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage,
 Lest, if they ventured to pursue,
 I might the unequal fight renew,
 And, to preserve thy outward man,
 Assumed my place, and led the van[†]

'All this,' quoth Ralph, 'I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you
 You, who were damned to base[‡] drubs
 Than wretches feel in powdering tubs,[†]
 To mount two-wheeled carroches,[‡] worse
 Than managing a wooden horse,[§]
 Dragged out through straiter holes by th' ears,
 Erased, or couped for perjurers,
 Who, though th' attempt had proved in vain,
 Had had no reason to complain,
 But, since it prospered, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescued your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons
 The enemy was reinforced,
 And we disabled and unhoised,
 Disarmed, unqualified for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,

* *En cuerpo* Sp., signifies in a close dress, without a cloak

Boy, my cloak and rapier, it fits not a gentleman of my rank to walk the streets in querpo—BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Love's Cure*, ii. i.

† See *ante*, p. 160 note †

‡ Thus word, the immediate original of *coach*, may be ultimately traced rather to the Italian *carroccio*, than to the French, *carrosse*, which is itself formed on the Italian. The 'two-wheeled carroche' is a burlesque on the cart in which criminals were taken to execution. The coach had four wheels, and was introduced into England in the time of Elizabeth. The chariot, *charrette*, Fr. which preceded it had only two. The *charrette* of the present day is a cart.

§ Riding the wooden horse was a punishment inflicted on soldiers

Which, though as desperate in th' attempt,
 Has given you freedom to condemn t
 But were our bones in fit condition
 To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseasonable and vain
 To think of falling on again
 No martial project to surprise
 Can ever be attempted twice,
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,
 As gamester's tear then losing-cards
 Beside, our bangs of man and beast
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally, and prove serviceable
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem to amuse our foes,
 To make an honourable retreat,
 And waive a total sure defeat
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain *

* The substance of this couplet is as old as Demosthenes, who, being reproached for running away from Philip of Macedon, at Chaeronea, replied Άνηρ ο φευγων και παλιν μαχησεται. This saying of Demosthenes is alluded to by Jeremy Taylor. In other cases it is true that Demosthenes said in apology for his own escaping from a lost field—*A man that runs away may fight again*—*Great Examples*, 1649. The same idea is found in Scaron, who died in 1660.

Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi,
 Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi

It appears also in the famous *Satyr Menippée*, published in 1594 —

Souvent celuy qui demeure
 Est cause de son meschef,
 Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
 Peut combattre derechef

Thus rendered in an English version, published in 1595,—

Oft he that doth abide
 Is cause of his own pain,
 But he that fleeth in good tide
 Perhaps may fight again

r Rimbault has pointed out in *Notes and Queries* a couplet amongst the Latin *Apothegeſms* compiled by Erasmus, and translated into

Hence timely running's no mean part
 Of conduct, in the martial art,
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive,
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil,
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest,
 That spares th' expense of time and pains,
 And dangerous beating out of brains,
 And, in the end, prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to fortune,
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution,
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow
 If th' ancients crowned then bravest men
 That only saved a citizen,
 What victory could e'er be won,
 If every one would save but one?
 Or fight endangered to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most?
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done,

English by Nicholas Udall, the author of *Ralph Roister Doister* which is obviously a metrical version of the saying of Demosthenes. The *Apothegms* were published in 1542.

That same man that renneth awaie,
 Maie again fight, an other daie

To these passages may be added the well-known doggerel generally supposed to be found in *Hudibras*, but really published some years before —

He that is in battle slain
 Can never rise to fight again
 But he that fights and runs away,
 May live to fight another day

These lines were written by Sir John Mennis, the author, in conjunction with James Smith, of the *Musarum Deliciae*, a collection of scelaneous poems, published in 1656.

* See vol 1 p 147, note *

For those that save themselves and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory,
 And sometime when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all,^{*}
 Print new additions to their feats,
 And emendations in gazettes,
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers overcome,
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep them governois from blame,
 Dispeise the news the pulpit tells †
 Confirmed with fireworks and with bells,
 And, though reduced to that extreme,
 They have been forced to sing *Te Deum*,
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,
 By flattering heaven with a lie, ‡
 And, for then beating, giving thanks, §
 Th' have raised recruits, and filled their banks,
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly,
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race,

* That is, claim the glory of a victory when they effect a retreat with a small loss.

† News of the progress of the parliamentary forces was constantly announced from the pulpits, and sermons and prayers were converted into running commentaries upon passing transactions, mixed up with personal denunciations and panegyrics.

‡ The *Te Deum* was often sung after a defeat, as if a victory had been won. This was a deception very easily practised upon the people, at a time when false rumours were industriously circulated, and it was difficult to procure authentic intelligence until long after the events had taken place. A chief part of the business of the *Mercures* and *Diversals* consisted in contradicting each other's statements.

§ Dr Grey refers to a remarkable illustration in Wilkes's *History of Independency*. Popham, entrapped by the Governor of Finsale into a situation by which he lost most of his men and ships communicated the misfortune to parliament, and was ordered to make a wholly different report upon which a day was set apart for a public thanksgiving, in acknowledgment of the signal success of the fleet.

And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done thefeat with easy flights,
 Recovered many a desperate campaign
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Chàmpaign,
 Restored the fainting high and mighty,
 With brandy-wine,* and aqua-vitæ,†
 And made them stoutly overcome
 With bacrack ‡ huccamore,§ and mum,||

* By this term is apparently meant brandy made from the lees of wine Brandy is also made in different countries, from pears figs dates, honey, &c The brandy of Kumsch itka is distilled from sweet grasse,

† It is conjectured by Morecroft, in his *History of Inebriating Liquors*, that the art of distillation was introduced into Ireland and afterwards into England from Spain or Italy where it was early known under the name of *aqua vite* or *aqua di vite*, water of the vine, the grape being the material from which spirit was originally extracted in those countries, and that when the monasteries became the depositories of science and the dispensaries of medicine the term was there changed into the Latin, and now universal appellation *aqua vite*, water of life hence *aqua vite* came into familiar use to signify an indefinite distilled spirit in contradistinction to *aqua vite*, the mere extract of the grape The Latin *aqua vite*, the Irish usquebaugh, and the modern term whisky, are really synonymous in signification usquebaugh or, more correctly usquebaugh, from usque, water meaning, literally, living water, and whisky, a compound of usque and ey, an old term for water meaning water of waters *aqua vite* was originally used in this country as a medicine and was recommended by the physicians as a panacea for all disorders

‡ Properly Bicharich, a red wine so called from a town in the Lower Picturite, named by the Romans on account of the celebrity of its wine, *Bacchi atra* the altar of Bacchus This wine was famous from an early period Pope Lñers Sylvius imported a tun of it every year to Rome and the Emperor Vincelus conferred their freedom on the citizens of Niueburgh for four casks annually

§ A white wine produced from the vines in the neighbourhood of Hockheim a village above Mayence on the Rhine Dr Nish explains ‘huccamore’ as old hock, but it is merely a corruption of hockheimer, the proper name of the wine

|| A strong beer made in Brunswick It enjoyed so high a reputation in Butler’s time, that the process of the manufacture was said to have been kept secret, and the men who brewed it were hired for life General Monk obtained the receipt for making it at the Court of Brunswick This curious document is preserved in the *Hartlibian Miscellany* 1574, and runs as follows — To make a vessel of sixty-thre gallons the water must be first boiled to the consumption of a third part Let it then be brewed, according to art, with seven bushels of wheat malt, one bushel of oat meal, and one bushel of ground beans, and when it

With th' uncontrold decees of fate
 To victory necessitate,
 With which, although they run or bain,
 They unavoidably return,
 Or else their sultan populaces
 Still strangle all their routed basses †

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day,
 Although the rabble souced them foit,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt
 'Tis true our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,‡

is tunned, let not the hogheads be too full at first, when it begins to work, put to it of the inner rind of the fir three pounds, of the tops of fir and birch, each one pound of *canduus benedictus* dried threelindfulls flowers of *rosa solis*, two handfuls of burnt, betony, majoram avens pennyroyal, flowers of elder, wild thyme, of each one handfull and a halfe seeds of *candrum binium* bruised, threounces bay berries bruised, one ounce put the seeds into the vessel when the liquor hath wrought awhile with the herbs and after they are added, let the liquor work over the vessel as little as may be till it up at last and when it is stopped put into the hog head ten new-laid eggs, the shells not cracked or broken stop all close and drink it at two yeare old, if carried by water it is better This old practice of mixing a great variety of ingredients in the manufacture of almost every kind of beverage has been long since abandoned and the name of the present day is made more in accordance with modern improvements It is of considerable strength has a greater proportion of malt than is ordinarily used in beer and in the process of manufacture is boild with a large quantity of hops The origin of the name is doubtful, some derive it from the German *mumme* owing to its intoxicating qualities which produced silence by rendering those who drank it incapable of speech, others say it is a corruption of the name of Christian Mummer of Brunswick by whom it is said to have been first brewed

* Apparently alluding to the destruction of Popham's ships at Kingsale — See ante p 197, note §

† The commanders in the armies of the Sultan, who generally sentenced them to the bowstring when they suffered a defeat in battle

‡ Our 'modern way of war' is more fully treated by Butler in the following lines, extracted from his *Commonplace Book* by Dr Nish

For fighting now is out of mode,
 And stratagems the only road

But not so resolute and bold,
 Nor tied to honour, as the old
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle,
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' the expedition,
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are performed one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth,
 And fight their stubborn guts to death,
 And those achieve the highest renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down
 There's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduced to famine,
 And feats of arms to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine,
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory, or forage
 For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
 When one side venturing to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charged unmercifully i' th' rear,

Unless in th' out of-fashion wars,
 Of barbarous Turks and Polanders
 All flats of arms are now reduced
 To chousing or to being choused,
 They fight not now to overthrow,
 But gull or circumvent a foe
 And watch at small advantages
 As if they fought a game of chess
 And he's approved the most deserving
 Who longest can hold out at trying
 Who makes best fiascées of cats,
 Of frogs and ——, and mice and rats
 Potage of vermin and rigouts
 Of trunks and boxes and old shoes
 And those who, like th' immortal Gods,
 Do never eat, have still the odds

And forced, with terrible resistance,
 To keep heiafter at a distance,
 To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
 Where stoe of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors,
 Where both from side to side may skip,
 And only encounter at bo-peep
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainei they're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attacked the frogs,
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally †
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
 But who bears hunger best, and cold?
 And he's apploved the most deserving,
 Who longest can hold out at starving, ‡
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man of prowess §
 So th' emperor Caligula,
 That triumphed o'er the British sea,
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, || 'stead of curasiers,

* Alluding to Homer's *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*

† The Dutch, who favoured the Pilgrims. In his *Description of Holland* Butler speaks of the Dutch as men

That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
 Upon the goods all nations fleets convey

‡ This couplet occurs in the lines just quoted from the *Common-place Book, ante*, p 200, from which the whole description in the text seems to be drawn

§ A sinner, perhaps on Venables and Penn of whom it was observed, that in their expedition against the Spaniards at St Domingo, in 1655, they exercised their valour only on horses asses and such like, slaughtering all they met, and devouring their skins and entrails.—N

|| A regiment of Hazelrigg's was called by the name of his Lobsters, 'Hazelrigg's lobsters,' says Cleveland, alluding to the drollit at Round-way Down, 'were turned into crabs, and crawled backwards'—*Character of a London Journal*

Engaged his legions in fierce bustles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscle,
 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops,
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car,
 But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduced to vict'ling of a camp well'

Quoth Ralph, 'By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
 Than take this out-of-fashioned course,
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her,
 Though some have done it in romances,
 And banged them into amorous fancies
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton dubbing of their bones,
 And stout Rinaldo gained his bride
 By courting of her back and side †
 But since these times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grained,
 By such addresses to be gained,
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezebel,
 To storm her heart by th' antique charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms,

* Caligula, collecting his army on the sea-shore in order of battle suddenly ordered them to gather shells, which he called the spoils of the ocean as if by that proceeding he had made a conquest of the British sea.

† The allusion is to the Rinaldo of Tasso, but the application of the story is not quite accurate

But rather strive by law to win her,
 And try the title you have in her
 Your case is clear, you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord,
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what passed between you,
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,*
 For which so many that renounced
 Then plighted contracts, have been trounced,
 And bills upon record been found,
 That forced the ladies to compound,
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the business you look after †
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war,
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion,
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way but the old,
 When those the pen had drawn together,
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And wing'd arrows killed in dead
 And more than bullets now of lead
 So ill then combats now, as then,
 Are managed chiefly by the pen,

* See vol 1 p 63 note § Bent coin given as a pledge of love, was called 'bowed money' Thus, in tract of the age of Elizabeth 'taking forth a bowed groat and an old penny bowed, he gave it her as being sent from her uncle and aunt — *Coney-Catching* To break money at putting, each keeping one half as a bond of fidelity, was the common practice of lover. In an old play the heroine who has been false to her lover in his absence, imagines she sees his ghost, and exclaims—

It stares beckons, points to the piece of gold
 We break between us

The Von Breach, in 1 1656

† That is, Ralph advises the knight to seek for damages against the widow by an action for breach of promise

That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures,
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms, .
 And whatsoe'er's achieved in fight,
 Determines which is wrong or right
 For whether you prevail, or lose,
 All must be tried there in the close,
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye 've done
 The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo,
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that's as false recover,
 And if it judge upon your side,
 Will soon extend her for your bride,*
 And put her person, goods, or lands
 Of which you like best, int' your hands
 For law's the wisdom of all ages,
 And managed by the ablest sages,
 Who, though their business at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
 They never manage the contest
 To impair their public interest,
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession
 Not like us brethren, who divide
 Our common-wealth, the cause, and side,
 And though we're all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle,

* To extend, in law, means to value lands taken by a writ of execution in satisfaction of a debt, or to levy an execution on lands. The meaning here is to levy an extent on the lady.

While lawyers have more sober sense,
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss,*
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses,
 But have no interest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws,
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day
 And though th' abounded in all ages,
 With sundry learnèd clerks and sages,
 Though all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass every suit,
 Th' have no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert,
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians,
 The Galenist, and Paracelsian,†
 Condemn the way each other deals in,
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle,
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes,
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago

* 'He is a Swiss, that professes mercenary arms, will fight for him that gives him best pay, and, like an Italian bravo, will pull foul on any man's reputation that he receives a retaining fee against —
 BUTLER — *Character of a Lawyer*

† Galen was born in the year 130, and died in 200 — See some account of Paracelsus, *ante*, p 2., note † The opposition in their systems lies between the use of medicines chiefly prepared by decoction from herbs and roots, as recommended by Galen, and the mineral preparations advocated by Paracelsus and his followers. The former were called Galenical, and the latter chemical medicines

But lawyers are too wise a nation
 To expose their trade to disputation,
 Or make the busy rabble judges
 Of all their secret piques and grudges,
 In which, whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession's sure to pay *
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats,
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm like insects, and increase
 For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward light, a deed in law?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation,
 An answer to a declamation?
 For those that meddle with their tools,
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills, and answers, and replies,
 They'll write a love-letter in chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life'

The knight, who used with tricks and shifts
 To edify by Ralph's gifts,
 But in appearance cued him down,
 To make them better seem his own,
 All plagiaries' constant course
 Of sinking, when they take a pause,
 Resolved to follow his advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise,
 And, after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 And, by transition, fall upon
 The resolution as his own

* That is, that the lawyers, when they quarrel amongst themselves, are too sagacious to let the public know anything about it, being well aware of the distrust & disgrace such disclosures would bring upon the whole profession

Quoth he, 'This gambol thou advisest
 Is, of all others, the unwiseſt,
 For, if I think by law to gain her,
 There's nothing ſilher nor vaueſer
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing's certain but th' expense,
 To act againſt myself, and traveſe
 My ſuit and title to her favours,
 And if ſhe ſhould, which heaven for bid!
 O'erthrew me, as the fiddler did,
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainſt loſing all I have at ſtake?
 He that with injury is grieved,
 And goes to law to be relieved,
 Is ſillier than a ſottish chouſe,
 Who, when a thief has robbed his house,
 Applies himſelf to cunning men,
 To help him to his goods again,*
 When all he can expect to gain,
 Is but to ſquander more in vain
 And yet I have no other way,
 But is as difficult to play
 For to reduce her, by man's force
 Is now in vain, by fair means, worse,

* In Butler's MS. the following ſtructures on lawyers are written under these lines — N

More nice and subtle than those wire drawers
 Of equity and justice, common lawyers,
 Who never end, but alwaſs prune a ſuit
 To make it be or the greater ſtore of fruit
 As labouring men their hands, cheirs their lungs,
 Porters their backs, lawyers hie out their tongues
 A tongue to mire and gain accustomed long,
 Grows quite insenſible to right or wrong
 The humorist that would have had a trial,
 With one that did but look upon his dial,
 And sued him but for telling of his clock,
 And ſaying, 'twis too fast, or ſlow it ſtruck

The ſubſtance of the first and ſecond of these ſtanzeſ will be found in nearly the ſame words in Butler's *Character of a Lawyer*

But worst of all to give her over,
 Till she's as desperate to recover
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they're never to be won,
 But since I have no other course,
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
 He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still,
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 For reasons to himself best known,
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue,
 Whom I must answer, or begin,
 Inevitably, first with him,
 For I've received advertisement,
 By times enough, of his intent,
 And knowing he that first complains
 Th' advantage of the business gains,
 For courts of justice understand
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand,
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear,
 Is freely admitted to all grace,
 And lawful favour, by his place,
 And, for his bringing custom in,
 Has all advantages to win
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,
 Will go to counsel, to advise
 Which way t' encounter or surprise,
 And, after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
 Most apt for what I have to do,
 As counsellor, and justice too '^{*}

* The early annotator says that the character here drawn was intended for one Edmund Prideaux. Dr Grey observes that it could not have been the Prideaux who was Attorney-general to the Commonwealth,

And truly so, no doubt, he was,
 A lawyer fit for such a case,
 An old dull sot, who told the clock,†
 For many years, at Bidewell-dock,
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
 And *hocus doctus*‡ played in all,
 Where, in all governments and times,
 He had been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And used two equal ways of gaining,
 By hindering justice, or maintaining
 To many a whore gave privilege,
 And whipped, for want of quaiteage,
 Cart-loads of lawds to prison sent,
 For being behind a fortnight's rent,
 And many a trusty pimp and crony
 To Puddle-dock,§ for want of money
 Engaged the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace,
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoneis of course,
 For being sober at ill hours,
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee,
 Made monsteis fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways,
 Faimed out all cheats, and went a shaine
 With th' headborough and scavenger,

and Commissioner of the Great Seal, a man of high position and excellent reputation

* This couplet is given in all the editions as the termination of the speech of Hudibras, an obvious error.

† Dr. Nash says that the prusing judge was called the Tell clock it being supposed that he had little more to do than to sit in his court counting the hours.

‡ Jaigow, like *hocus pocus*, of the jugglers, supposed by some writers to be a corruption of *hic est inter doctos*

§ There was a jail here for petty offenders —G

And made the dirt i' th' streets compound,
 For taking up the public ground,*
 The kennel, and the king's highway,
 For being unmolested, pay,
 Let out the stocks and whipping-post
 And cage, to those that gave him most,
 Imposed a tax on bakers' ears,†
 And for false weights on chandeliers,
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine,‡
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend,
 As residentiary bawds,
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods,
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,
 And pay church duties, and his fees,
 But was implacible and awkward,
 To all that interloped and hawked§
 To this brave man the knight repays
 For counsel in his law-affairs,

* By which it is insinuated that he commuted for a bribe the penalty attached to the nuisance

† Bakers were liable to have their ears cropped for light weights, and this corrupt justice is again represented interposing for a consideration between the law and the delinquent

‡ For selling ale or wine without licence, or by less than the statutable measure—N O! by ‘arbitrary ale und wine’ is meant spurious mixtures sold under the names of ale and wine. Next thus he does his country signal service in the judicious and mature legitimization of tippling licences, that the subject be not imposed upon with illegal and arbitrary ale—*Character of a Justice of the Peace*

§ That is, that he favoured the offences of those who kept houses, took out licences, and paid rates and taxes but showed no mercy to hawkers and pedlars, and such like vagrant offenders, who interfered with the regular trade of robbery. The passage is clearly explained in Butler’s *Character of a Justice of the Peace*, already quoted, in which the whole description, with additional particulars, is expanded into prose ‘He uses great care and moderation in punishing those that offend regularly by their calling, as residentiary bawds and incumbent pimps, that pay parish dues, shopkeepers that use constant false weights and measures, these he rather punishes that they may grow the better, than disables but is very severe to hawkers and interlopers, that commit iniquity on the bye

And found him mounted in his pew,
 With books and money placed, for show,
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
 And for his false opinion pay
 To whom the knight, with comely grace,
 Put off his hat, to put his case,
 Which he as proudly entertained,
 As th' other courteously strained,
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He looked for, bid him put on 's hat
 Quoth he, 'There is one Sidrophel
 Whom I have cudgelled'—'Very well'—
 'And now he brags t' have beaten me'—
 'Better, and better still,' quoth he—
 'And vows to stick me to a wall,
 Where'er he meets me'—'Best of all'—
 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
 That I robbed him'—'Well done, in troth'—
 'When h' has confessed he stole my cloak,
 And picked my fob, and what he took,
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,
 And take my goods again'—'Marly, hang him'—
 'Now, whether I should beforehand,
 Swear he robbed me'—'I understand'—
 'Or bring my action of conversion
 And trover for my goods?'—'Ah, whoreson!'—
 'Or, if 'tis better to endite,
 And bring him to his trial?'—'Right'—
 'Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him?'—'True'—
 'Or whether he that is defendant,
 In this case, has the better end on't,
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
 May traverse the action?'—'Better still'
 'Then there's a lady too'—'Ay, marly—
 'That's easily proved accessary,

* See vol. 1 p. 130, note *

A widow, who by soleinn vows,
 Contracted to me for my spouse,
 Combined with him to break hei word,
 And has abetted all'—‘Good Lord’—
 ‘Suborned th’ aforesaid Sidiophel
 To tamper with the devil of hell,
 Who put m’ into a horrid feare,
 Fear of my life’—‘Make that appear’—
 ‘Made an assault with fiends and men
 Upon my body’—‘Good again’—
 ‘And kept me in a deadly fight,
 And false imprisonment, all night
 Meanwhile they robbed me, and my horse,
 And stole my saddle’—‘Worse and worse’
 ‘And mide me mount upon the bare ridge,
 T’ avoid a wretcheder miscarriage’

‘Sir,’ quoth the lawyer, ‘not to flitter ye,
 You have as good and fair a battery
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim
 For if th’ have used you as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
 I would it were my case, I’d give
 More than I’ll say, or you’ll believe
 I would so trounce her, and her puise,
 I’d mide her kneel for better or worse,
 For matrimony, and hanging here,
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure may pick and choose,
 As cross I win, and pile you lose *
 And if I duost, I would advance
 As much in ready maintenance,†
 As upon any case I’ve known,
 But we that practice dare not own

* See *ante* p 57 note *

† Assisting a party in a suit in which the person rendering the assistance has no interest This interference is illegal, and constitutes a punishable offence

The law severely contibalands
 Oui taking business off men's hands,
 'Tis common barratry, that bears
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is not leather
 To stick a pen in left of either,
 For which some do the sunnie-sault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault
 But you may swear at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state,
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms'

'I thank you,' quoth the knight, 'for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat,
 For justice, though she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclined,
 Like charity, else right and wrong
 Could never hold it out so long
 And, like blind fortune, with a sleight,
 Convey men's interest, and right,
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
 As easily as *hocus pocus*,†
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
 And clear again, like *hocus doctrus*;‡
 Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife,

* Exciting and encouraging lawsuits and quarrels. In Scotch law, barratry is the crime committed by a judge who is influenced in his judgment by a bribe.

† In all probability a corruption of *hoc est corpus* by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome in their trick of transubstantiation.—TILLOTSON. Nares says that the origin of the term seems, after various attempts, to be rightly drawn from the Italian jugglers who said Ochus Bochus, in reference to a famous magician of those names Illeus to cheat, comes from this phrase and Malone suggests that the modern word *hoax* has the same origin.

‡ See *ante*, p. 209, note ‡

Oi be content with what she h ,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The business to the law's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon ,
 And you can want no witnesses,
 To swear to anything you please ,
 That hardly gct their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences,
 Oi letting out, to hie, their ears
 To affidavit-customers,
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for juymen or tales,†
 Although retained in th' hardest matters
 Of trustees and administrators'

'For that' quoth he, 'let me alone ,
 W' have stoe of such, and all our own,
 Bred up and tutored by our teachers,
 Th' ablest of conscience-stetchers'

'That's well,' quoth he, 'but I should guess,
 By weighing all advantages,
 You suest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey‡ for a water-witch,
 And when y' have hanged the conjurer,
 Y' have time enough to deal with hei
 In th' interim spare for no trespans
 To diaw her neck into the banns,
 Ply hei with love-letters and billets,
 And bait 'em well for quirks and quillcts,§

* Alluding to the Knights of the Post —See vol 1 p 68, note ‡

† *Tales de circumstantibus*, spectators in court from whom the sheriff selects persons to supply the place of jurors who have been empaneled, but have not attended

‡ The name of a learned Franciscan of the thirteenth century, who was reputed by the common people to deal in magic

§ A sly trick, or turn in argument, or excuse That this is the meaning of the word all the examples prove but though it seems so familiar, and is so common this little word has sorcely teazd the etymologists I suspect, after all that Buley's is the best derivation He says it is for *quibble*, is a diminutive of *quibble* —N R E S The word is frequently used by Shakspeare, and invariably in this sense

With trains t' inveigle, and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies,
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other by designs,
 And make an artist understand,
 To copy out her seal, or hand,
 Or find void places in the paper,
 To steal in something to entrap her,
 Till, with her worldly goods, and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endowed ye
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
 About the cross-legged knights, their hosts,
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-inn,†
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
 And affidavit-men ne'er fail
 To expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Then only necessary tools,
 Besides the Gospel, and their souls,
 And when y' are furnished with all purveys,
 I shall be ready at your service'

'I would not give,' quoth Hudibras,
 'A straw to understand a case,
 Without the admirable skill
 To wind and manage it at will,
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
 Against the weather-gauge of laws,

* Alluding to the monumental effigies of the Knights Templars in the Round Church. The lawyers frequently gave interviews to their clients in the Round, and walking the Round indicates the custom of the witnesses who loitered about waiting to be hired. We have a hint of the starvation they sometimes underwent, by the reference to their cross-legged hosts. It is equivalent to saying that they dined with Duke Humphrey.

† It was also usual for lawyers to resort to the crypt under Lincoln's inn chapel, where, we here learn, the knights of the post used to 'wait for customers.'

And ring the changes upon cases,
 As plain as noses upon faces,
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which y' have earned,—here 'tis,—your fee
 I long to practise your advice,
 And try the subtle artifice,
 To bait a letter, as you bid—

As, not long after, thus he did,
 For, having pumped up all his wit,
 And hummed upon it, thus he witt^{*}

* This canto, in which the subtleties of the profession are so skilfully exposed, may be appropriately terminated by the anathema with which Butler concludes his *Character of a Lawyer*, the only instance in which he has introduced verse into his prose writings. The reader will perceive that some of these lines recur in the dialogue between the knight and the lawyer —

Great critics in a *noverint universi*,
 'Know all men by these presents how to curse ye
 Pedlars of aid and foreaid, and both Funches,
 Pedlars, and Pokie, my those reverend banches
 Y' spise to be the stock, and may ye be
 No more called to the bar, but pillory,
 Thithc in triumph my ye backward ride,
 To have your ears most justly crucified,
 And cut so close, until there be not leather
 Enough to stick a pen in left of either,
 Then will your consciences your eirs, and wit
 Be like Indentures Thippitute cut fit,
 May your horns multiply, and grow is great
 As tht which does blow grise before your meat,
 My varlets be your bubers now and do
 The same to you they have been done unto
 That's Law and Gospel too my it prove true,
 Then they shill do pump-justice upon you
 And when y' are shaved and powdered you shall fall,
 Thrown oer the bar as they did oer the wall,
 Never to rise again, unless it be
 To hold your hands up for your roguery,
 And when y'ou do so, may they be no le s
 Scared by the hangman, than your consciences
 May your gowns swim until you can determine
 The strife no more between yourselves and vermin,
 Than you have gone between your clients purses—
 Now kneel and take the last and worst of curses
 May you be honest when it is too late—
 That is, undone the only way you hate

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
 I Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzar,
 And from as famed a conqueror,
 As ever took degree in war,
 Or did his exercise in battle,
 By you turned out to grass with cattle
 For since I am denied access
 To all my earthly happiness,
 Am fallen from the paradise
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes,
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting banishment,
 Where all the hopes I had t' have won
 Your heart, being dashed, will break my own
 Yet if you were not so severe
 To pass your doom before you hear,
 You'd find, upon my just defence,
 How much y' have wronged my innocence
 That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperformed, 'tis true,
 But not because it is unpaid
 'Tis violated, though delayed
 Or if it were, it is no fault
 So heinous, as you'd have it thought,
 To undergo the loss of ears,
 Like vulgar hackney perjuriers,
 For there's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base,
 Who always are observed t' have done't
 Upon as different an account,
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve in honour ugly flaws,
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who're nicest of their honour

The other, for base gain and pay,
 Foiswear and perjuile by the day,
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences a calling
 It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person,
 To say, he natually abhorred
 Th' old-fashioned trick to keep his word,
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men, to do the same
 For to be able to forget,
 Is found more useful to the great
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes
 To make 'em pass for wondious wise
 But though the law, on peijureis,
 Inflicts the forieiture of ears,
 It is not just, that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish the innocent,
 To make the eais repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungoverned tongue,
 And when one member is forsworin,
 Another to be cropped or toin
 And if you should, as you design,
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You 're like, if you consider ight,
 To gan but little honour by't
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life, or limbs at stake,
 Does not so much deserve hei favouř,
 As he that pawns his soul to have her
 This y' have acknowledged I have done,
 Although you now disdain to own,
 But sentence what you iather ought
 T' esteem good service than a fault

* Dr Nash proposes to read 'th innocent. This does not much mend the line, which it would still leave with a syllable in excess. It is only by some such extreme experiment as that of reducing the word 'guilty' to one syllable that the measure can be adjusted.

Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer,
But, by the practice of the age,
A're to be judged how far th' engage,
And where the sense by custom's checked,
A're found void, and of none effect,
For no man takes or keeps a vow,
But just as he sees otheris do,
Nor a're they obliged to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little
For as best-tempered blades a're found,
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof
Then wherefore should they not b' allowed
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves
All ways to conquest, so should love's,
And not be tied to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love,
Submit its great prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of nature
Be over-ruled by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any, but its own great laws?
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive,
Controls the mighty power of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date,
The life of nature, that restores
As fast as time and death devours,
To whose free-gift the world does owe
Not only earth, but heaven too

For love's the only trade that's driven,
 The interest of state in heaven,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain
 For what can earth produce, but love,
 To represent the joys above?
 Or who but lovers can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye discourse?
 Address, and compliment by vision,
 Make love, and court by intuition?
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce
 As those celestial ministers?
 Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an end?
 Or heaven itself a sin resent,
 That for its own supply was meant?^{*}
 That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake?
 Or if it did not, but the cause
 Were left to th' injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 There should be equity in love?
 For laws, that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love or hate,
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on criminals as strict
 But to have power to forgive,
 Is empire and prerogative,
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon, than condemn
 Then, since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault,

* The early annotator explains this passage as follows ‘In regard, children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven therefore, it should not resent it as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it’ This explanation overlooks the sophistry of the reasoning

For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing in return
But insolence, affronts and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design?
He who was used so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder,
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemned to voluntary scourging,
Alarmed with many a horrid fright,
And clived by goblins in the night,
Insulted on, reviled and jeered,
With rude invasion of his beard,
And when our sex was foully scandalled,
As foully by the rabble handled,
Attacked by despicable foes,
And diubbed with mean and vulgar blows,
And, after all, to be debarred
So much as standing on his guard,
When horses, being spurred and pricked,
Have leave to kick for being kicked?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnished with all perquisites,
That with your breeding teeth begin,
And nursing babies that he in,
Be allowed to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose,
Or oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye,
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into ambushes

As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner,
 So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrowed flags of white and red,
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
 Than then old grandmothers, the Picts,
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers' less subtle books
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues,
 In towers, and curls, and periwigs,
 With greater art and cunning reared,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,^{*}
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore 'em they disdain,
 And only draw 'em in to clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue

A lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his mistress but the moe a slave,[†]
 And whatsoever she commands,
 Becomes a favour from hei hands,
 Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just

* Philip Nye was a member of the Assembly of Divines and as remarkable for his beard as for his fanaticism. He was educated at Oxford, and, after he took his degree travelled into Holland, returning home in 1640 a violent Presbyterian. We next find him in Scotland promoting the Covenant and next becoming a furious preacher amongst the Independents. He was promoted to Dr Fleetley's living at Acton and is said to have gone to church there every Sunday, in a sort of triumphal manner, in a coach drawn by four horses. Lilly, whom he attacked in the pulpit denouncing both the astrologia and his art, speaks of him contemptuously 'One Mr Nye of the Assembly of Divines a Jesuitical Presbyterian,' [this was written before Nye, like Cromwell became an Independent] 'bleated forth his judgment publicly against me and astrology, to be quit of him, I urged Causinus the Jesuit's approbation of astrology, and concluded, *Sic canibus catulos* &c — *Life* Butler devoted an entire poem (see vol iii) to Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard.

† This was certainly the case with Monk, who as Nash observes though never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife. The couplet may have been intended to have that application

Then when he is compelled by her
 T' adventures he would else forbear,
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command?
 And when necessity's obeyed,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad
 And therefore, when the mighty powers
 Of love, our great ally, and you's,
 Joined forces not to be withstood
 By faiil enamoured flesh and blood,
 All I have done, unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will,
 And all the blame that can be due
 Falls to your cruelty, and you
 Nor are those scandals I confessed,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done, of course,
 By all men, when they're under force
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please,
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all agen
 But when the devil turns confessor,
 Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure
 To hear or pardon, like the founder
 Of hars, whom they all claim under *
 And therefore when I told him none,
 I think it was the wiser done
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went,

* St John viii. 44.

As hars, with long use of telling lies
 Forget at length if they're true or false,
 So those that plod on anything too long
 Know nothing whether th' are in the right or wrong
 For what are your demonstrations else,
 But to the higher powers of sense appeals,
 Sense that th' undervalue and contemn
 As if it lay below their wits and them

All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse
 For what romance can show a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a neare course,
 To fall aboard in his amours?
 And what at first was held a crime,
 Has turned to honourable in time

To what a height did infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come?*
 When men upon their spouses seized,
 And freely married where they pleased
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor lied,
 Nor in the mind they were in, died,
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor played the masquerade to woo
 Disdained to stay for friends' consents,
 Nor juggled about settlements,
 Did need no licence, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In the holy state of matrimony,
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death departs,†
 Nor would endue to stay, until
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wisc and shorter course
 To win the ladies—downright force,
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all love's intrigues,
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talked of love and flames at leisure,

* Alluding to the Rape of the Sabines

† Thus printed in some editions of the Priory Book, afterward altered 'till death us do part' Some editions read 'till alimony, c
death them parts —N

For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for every minute, more
 Than half a year of love before,
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Proved nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won,
 And such as all posterity
 Could never equal, nor come nigh

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them †—It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one,
 And they no freedom of their own,
 And therefore men have power to choose,
 But they no charter to refuse
 Hence 'tis apparent that what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours,
 Though by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice or foul play,
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose
 For why should every savage beast
 Exceed his great lord's interest?‡

* The Sabine women, when their countrymen came in arms to demand their liberation, rushed between them and the Romans, and with tears and entreaties, persuaded the combatants into a reconciliation.

† Woman in the beginning, as 'tis said,
 To be a help to man was chiefly made,
 Then ought not woman much to be commended,
 Who answer to the end for which they were intended?

CLEVELAND — *Why Women were made*

‡ Man of all creatures the most fierce and wild
 That ever God made, or the devil spoiled,
 The most courageous of men, by want,
 As well as honour, are made valiant — BUTLER'S MS

Have freer power than he, in grace
 And nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the power he had,
 Retrenched the absolute dominion
 That nature gave him over women,
 When all his power will not extend
 One law of nature to suspend,
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to repel
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good,
 And not, like sots, permit their wives
 To encroach on their prerogatives,
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery
 And this some precious gifted teachers,
 Unreverently reputed lechers,^{*}
 And disobeyed in making love,
 Have vowed to all the world to prove,
 And make ye suffer as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love
 Forgive me, Fan, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of love and temper too,
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sovereign a control
 O'er that poor slave of you's, my soul,
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventured loss of heaven too,

* The notorious Case, Hugh Peters, and Dr Burgess are mentioned as coming conspicuously within this description. Some charges brought against Peters were of a very flagrant character.

Both with an equal power possessed,
 To render all that serve you blessed,
 But none like him, who's destined either
 To have or lose you both together,
 And if you'll but this fault release,
 For so it must be, since you please,
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore,
 And expiate, upon my skin,
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay,
 Which shall be done until it move
 Your equal pity and your love *

The knight, perusing this epistle,
 Believed h' had brought her to his whistle,
 And read it, like a jocund lover,
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over,
 Subscribed his name, but at a fit
 And humble distance, to his wit,
 And dated it with wondrous art,
 'Given from the bottom of his heart,'
 Then sealed it with his coat of love,
 A smoking faggot—and above,
 Upon a scroll—'I burn, and weep'—
 And near it—'for her Ladyship,

* We have an accurate counterpart of the knight, as he appears in this mercenary transaction drawn by Butler in his *Character of a Woman*. He prosecutes his suit against his mistress as clients do a suit in law, and does nothing without the advice of his learned counsel, omits no advantage for want of soliciting, and, when he gets her consent, overthrows her. He endeavours to match his estate, rather than himself, to the best advantage, and if his mistress's fortune and his do but come to an agreement, their persons are easily satisfied, the match is soon made up, and a cross marriage between all four is presently concluded. He has a great desire to beget money on the body of a woman, and as for any other issue is very indifferent, and cares not how old she be, so she be not past money-bearing.

Of all her sex most excellent,
 These to her gentle hands present,
 Then gave it to his faithful squire,
 With lessons how t' observe, and eye her †

She first considered which was better,
 To send it back, or burn the letter
 But guessing that it might import,
 Though nothing else, at least her sport,
 She opened it, and read it out,
 With many a smile and leering flout,
 Resolved to answer it in kind,
 And thus performed what she designed

* This elaborate superscription was in the common form of the dry a little exaggerated. The circumstantial details of sealing and superscribing may possibly have suggested the following passage to Lord Byron —

This note was written upon gilt edged paper
 With a neat little crow quill straight and new,
 Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,
 It trembled as magnetic needles do,
 And yet she did not let one tear escape her,
 The seal a sun-flower! ‘*Ells vous suit partout,*’
 The motto cut upon a white cornelian
 The wax was superfine, its hue vermillion

Don Juan, i. 198

† Similar instructions are given by Don Quijote to Sancho Pansa, when the squire is sent on a similar mission. ‘Go then, auspicious youth and have a care of being dainted, when thou approachest the beams of that resplendent sun of beauty. Observe and engrave in thy memory the manner of this reception, mark whether her colour changes on the delivery of thy commission, whether her looks betray any emotion or concern when she hears my name. In short, observe all her actions, every motion, every gesture, for by the minute relation of these things, I shall divine the secrets of her breast, and draw just inferences, so far as this imports to my amour.’

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turned to grass,
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,
 At least to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the pound replevin you,
 When both your sword and spurs were won
 In combat, by an Amazon,
 That sword that did, like fate, determine
 Th' inevitable death of veinin,
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows,
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarmed and wrested from its knight,
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners,
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,
 If I, in pity of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditions,
 Released 'em from the woist of prisons,
 And what return that favou met,
 You cannot, though you would, forget,
 When being free, you stiove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made,
 Forswore yourself, and first denied it,
 But after owned, and justified it,
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow,
 Absolved yourself, by breaking two
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discouraged by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter, for your ears,
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your due,
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course,
 We have no title nor pretence
 To body, soul, or conscience,

But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware
 These are the motives which, t' induce,
 Or flight us into love, you use,
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting,
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
 For charity at once, and threat
 But since you undertake to prove
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war, between two enemies,
 Or forfeitures which every lover,
 That would but sue for, might recover
 It is not hard to understand
 The mystery of this bold demand,
 That cannot at our persons aim,
 But something capable of claim

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,
 But our right diamonds, that inspire
 And set your amorous heart on fire,
 Nor can those false St Martin's beads *
 Which on our lips you lay for reds,
 And make us wear like Indian dames,
 Add fuel to your scorching flames,
 But those true rubies of the rock,
 Which in our cabinets we lock
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
 That you are so transported with,
 But those we wear about our necks
 Produce those amorous effects

* Upon the site of the old collegiate church of St Martin le Grand, which was demolished upon the dissolution of the monasteries a number of persons established themselves, principally foreigners, and carried on a considerable manufacture of artificial stones, beads and counterfeit jewellery. The articles fabricated in this place were called by its name, to distinguish them from the genuine articles they were intended to imitate.

Nor is't those thieads of gold, our haū,
 The periwiggs you make us wear,
 But those bright guineas in our chests,
 That light the wildfire in your brests
 These love-tricks I've been verised in so,
 That all then sly intrigues I know,
 And can uniddle, by then tones,
 Their mystic cabals, and jaigones,
 Can tell what passions, by then sounds,
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds,
 What raptures fond and amorous,
 O' th' charms and graces of my house,
 What ecstacy and scorching flame,
 Burns for my money in my name,
 What from th' unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire,
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year,
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond

These are th' attractions which most men fall
 Enamoured, at first sight, withal,
 To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with bills and masquerades,
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Ye've suffered for then loves in vain,
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
 That all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post†
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment, in your choice of love,

* Dr Grey quotes a corresponding passage from the Spanish romance of *Don Fénise*, printed in 1656. ‘My covetousness exceeding my love, counselled me, that it was better to have gold in money, than in threads of hair and to possess pearls that resembled teeth, than teeth that were like pearls’.

† That is, they will never become the instruments of your wishes—they will never bind themselves to you by an oath.

Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study 't as an art,
 For love should, like a deodand,^{*}
 Still fall to th' owner of the land,
 And where there's substance for its ground,
 Cannot but be more firm and sound
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of any virtue, wit, and graces,
 Which is of such thin subtlety,
 It steals and creeps in at the eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again as nice a way †

But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove
 As solid, and as glorious love
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces but by these,
 For what are lips, and eye, and teeth,
 Which beauty invades and conquers with,
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
 With which a philtre-love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,
 In managing their children's love,
 That force 'em t' intermairy and wed,
 As if th' were burying of the dead,
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,‡
 To join in wedlock all they have,

* Literally a thing given to God, hence any personal chattel that was the immediate occasion of the death of a human being was forfeited to the king, to be applied to pious uses. The Crown, however, frequently granted this right to individuals, within certain limits, or annexed it to lands, by which it became invested in the lord of the manor.

† See 'Love's Catechism,' in the *Beaur Stratagem*.

‡ The Burial Office, observes Dr Grey, was scandalously ridiculed One Brooke, a London lecturer, at the burial of a Mr Gough, used the following profanity —

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
 Here's the pit, and in thou must

Mercurus Rusticus, No 9

And, when the settlement's in force,
 Take all the rest for better or worse,
 For money has a power above
 The stars, and fate, to manage love,
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
 That never miss, are tipped with gold *
 And though some say, the parents' claims
 To make love in their children's names,—
 Who, many times, at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
 Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
 And woo, and contract, in their names,
 And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,—
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money,
 'Tis better than their own betrothing,
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing,
 And when they 're at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage choose
 All this is right, but, for the course
 You take to do 't, by fraud of force,
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than setters † can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow,
 Which all men either break, or bow,
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but woo?
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,
 For earnest to their treachery,
 And, rather than a crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less

* Ovid gives Cupid two sets of arrows, one of gold, and the other of lead—the former to inspire love, the latter aversion.

† Originally, setter was a term applied to an accuser. It afterwards came to be employed in the sense of one who is set to watch, spy, or ensnare a victim.

Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
 Maintain their innocence to the last,
 • And when their crimes were made appear,
 As plain as witnesses can swear,
 Yet when the wretches come to die,
 Will take upon them death a lie
 Nor are the virtues you confessed,
 T' your ghostly father as you guessed,
 So slight as to be justified,
 By being as shamefully denied,
 As if you thought your word would pass,
 Point-blank on both sides of a case,
 Or credit were not to be lost
 B' a brave knight-eleant of the post,
 That eats perniciously his word,
 And swear his ears through a two inch board,*
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*,
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out to be forsworn,
 When tis laid hands upon, and kissed,
 To be betrayed and sold, like Christ
 These are the virtues in whose name
 A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In grace and nature, o'er all women,
 Of whom no less will satisfy,
 Than all the sex, your tyranny
 Although you'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,†
 To govern such a numerous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you,
 For if you all were Solomons,
 And wise and great as he was once,

* He will swear his ears through an inch board.—*Character of a Knight of the Post*. That is in the common phrase, he will swear through thick and thin, to attain his object.

† Covin a collusive agreement between two or more persons to defraud others.

You'll find they 're able to subdue,
As they did him, and baffle you
And if you are imposed upon,
'Tis by your own temptation done,
That with your ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the sleight
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,
Like sots, to us that laid it on,
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
You force us, in our own defences,
To copy beams and influences,
To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit
For, by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts,
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be performed without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel
How fair and sweet the planted rose,
Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polished looks a diamond!
Though paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness,

And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that nature has conferred
 This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves art to polish and refine
 Though women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them again
 For when, out-witted by his wife
 Man first turned tenant but for life,
 If woman had not intervened,
 How soon had mankind had an end!
 And that it is in being yet,
 To us alone you are in debt
 And where's your liberty of choice,
 And our unnatural no-voice?
 Since all the privilege you boast,
 Falsely usurped, or vainly lost,*
 Is now our right, to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration
 And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks,
 And shallow formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours, in show, give way
 Hence 'tis, that while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative,
 You basely, after all your bravos,
 Submit and own yourselves our slaves,
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our interests own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares
 In ordering you, and your affairs,
 When all your empire, and command,
 You have from us, at second hand,
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers,

* A slight liberty has been taken with this line to rectify the metre
 In all previous editions it is printed *And falsely usurped; &c*

And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like every common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the caid, nor star,
 And did not guide the man of war
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In councils, do not govern there,
 While, like the mighty Pester John,*
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,
 W' enjoy as large a power, unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men,
 And, in the night of our Pope Joan,
 Make emperors at our feet fall down,
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name,
 Our right to arms and conduct claim,
 Who, though a spinster,† yet was able
 To serve France for a grand constable,‡
 We make and execute all laws,
 Can judge the judges, and the cause,
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,
 But our more powerful eloquence

* An absolute monarch who ruled over the people of Tenduc, in Asia, after the manner of the old oriental despots, preserving gie it state, and suffering his person to be seen by his subjects only three times a year. He is said to have had seventy kings for his vassals.

† In a curious tract recently printed for private circulation by M Octave Delcambre, entitled *Docte Historique*, a remarkable document discovered in the seventeenth century in the archives of Metz is cited to prove that the Maid of Orleans not only survived her supposed execution at Rouen, in 1431, but afterwards became the wife of a knight, with whom she resided at Metz. Collateral evidences are drawn from other sources by M Delcambre, in support of this statement, which, if the testimony it rests upon be authentic, reduces one of the most widely accredited passages in history to a mere fable.

‡ All this is a satire on Charles II, who was governed so much by his mistresses particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that court, whom she served in the important part of governing Charles as they directed — WARBURTON

We manage things of greatest weight
 In all the world's affairs of state,
 Are ministers of war and peace,
 That sway all nations how we please
 We rule all churches, and their flocks,
 Heretical and orthodox,
 And are the heavenly vehicles
 O' th' spirits in all conventicles
 By us is all commerce and trade
 Improved, and managed, and decayed,
 For nothing can go off so well,
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell
 We rule in every public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting,
 All magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns
 We make the man of war strike sail,
 And to our braver conduct vail
 And, when h' has chased his enemies,
 Submit to us upon his knees *

Is there an officer of state,
 Untimely raised, or magistrate,
 That's haughty and imperious?
 He's but a journeyman to us,
 That, as he gives us cause to do't,
 Can keep him in, or turn him out
 We are your guardians, that increase,
 Or waste your fortunes how we please,
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 In all your matters, ill or well
 'Tis we that can dispose alone,
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,
 To whose integrity you must,
 In spite of all your caution, trust,
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
 Can fit you with what heirs we please,†

* Monk is, probably, again indicated here

† See *ante*, p 86, note *

And force you t' own them, though begotten
By French valèts, or Irish footmen
Nor can the rigorous course
Prevail, unless to make us worse,
Who still, the harsher we are used,
Are further off from being reduced,
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilio of our wills
Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for remedy,
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat
For, when y' have tried all sorts of ways,
What fools do we make of you in plays?
While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads,
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight, at once, with fire and water,
With pikes, locks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease,
Kill one another, and cut th' oats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts,
To do your exercise for honour,
And have your brains beat out the sooner,
Or cracked, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known,
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your projects are preposterous,
To square the circle of the arts,
And run stark mad to show your parts,
Exound the oracle of laws,
And turn them which way we see cause,
Be our solicitors and agents,
And stand for us in all engagements
 And these are all the mighty powe
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,

And what in real value's wanting,
Supply with vapouring and ranting
Because yourselves are terrified,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hectored, and submit
By your example, lose that right
In treaties, which we gained in fight,*
And terrified into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a salique law,
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And trounce to your mighty race,
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women

* England, in every period of her history has been thought more successful in war than in negotiations. Congreve, reflecting on Queen Anne's last ministry, in his *Eपistle to Lord Cobham*, says —

Be far that guilt, be never known th' it shame,
That Britain should retract her rightful claim,
Or stain with pen the triumphs of her sword —N

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